OWARD THE FOUR FREEDOMS, BY HORACE KALLEN

The Saturday Review of Literature

TUSCULUM COLLEGE LIBRARY
MY 24 '42

VOL. XXV NO. 21 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1942 FIFTEEN CENTS

Books in the Arsenal of Democracy

BY ARCHIBALD MacLEISH

"TODAY WE ARE BROTHERS"
By Leo Lania
Reviewed by Alfred Werner

"HEROES I HAVE KNOWN"
By Max Eastman
Reviewed by Jacques Barzun

"SUNDAY BEST"
By John Cecil Holm
Reviewed by Struthers Burt

"AND NOW TOMORROW"
By Rachel Field
Reviewed by Rebecca Lowrie

"FLOODS OF SPRING"
By Henry Bellamann
Reviewed by Richard Nathan

"THE FRANCE OF TOMORROW"
By Albert Guérard
Reviewed by André Maurois

LEO LANIA's new book, "Today We Are Brothers," tells how the "spirit of man was repeatedly defeated by the demons of darkness." *(See page 5)*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By ALFRED NEUMANN

AUTHOR OF "ANOTHER CAESAR," ETC.

THE FRIENDS OF THE PEOPLE

"A notable chronicle of a momentous time, written with consummate skill and subtle understanding."

—ALEXANDER KENDRICK,
Philadelphia Inquirer

"A powerful historical novel of literary distinction and pertinent value. It not only stands alone and complete as a story: it holds also a distinct challenge to present thought. It is a story whose actors are nearly all well known to history, and whose characterizations are as arresting as its events are merciless."

—KATHERINE WOODS,
New York Times

$2.50

THE RUN OF THE HOUSE

by Charlotte Adams

Here is a 1942 plan for reorganizing your home so that new emergency rationings will not interfere with your own spare time. It is designed for the amateur, brid-ish housekeeper, or the more experienced—for the home with full-time, part-time or no-time domestic help. *And* one eye has been kept sternly upon the expense angle, too! Finally, it is readable no end.

$2.25

✦

at all bookstores

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

60 Fifth Avenue New York

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review of Literature

Toward the Four Freedoms

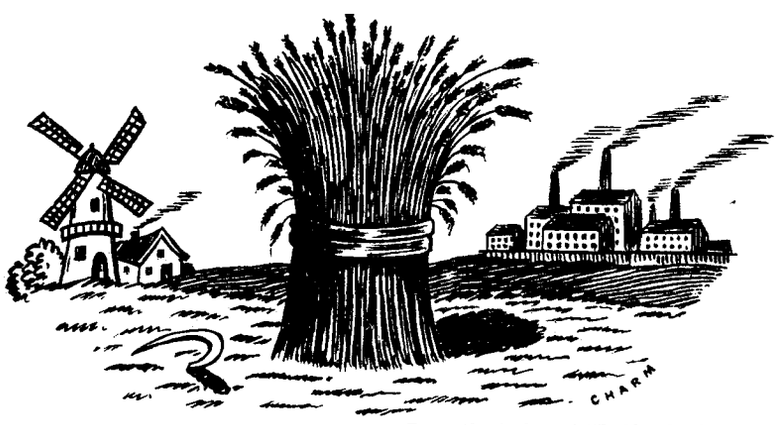
HORACE KALLEN

THE other day one of the most high of the hierarchy of necromancers who compose the Holy Office of Price Administration addressed a conference of editors of "business papers." If the daily press reports accurately, he absolved both the merchants upon whose patronage these papers live and the Office created to police those merchants from any responsibility for the inflation which is upon us. The real sinners, it seems, are the consumers. They have brought the inflation upon themselves. With the ever-mounting tempo of war-production wages also mount, but the production of things which wages can buy necessarily falls. Money becomes more and more abundant, consumer goods became scarcer and scarcer, people pay more and more for them. Which is inflation. Q. E. D.

If only there were an abundance of goods corresponding to the abundance of cash! Then inflation would stop, would deflate. But there isn't, there will not be, so inflation won't. *Homo sapiens,* like all other animals, is a race of consumers by nature and producers by necessity. In spite of the anti-inflationary OPA and merchantry, they would rather as wage-earners turn their money-income into real income, and hoard, if hoard they must, consumable goods than unconsumable money. They just *will* spend the wages they work for on things they don't absolutely need and can't immediately use, holding them against a use and need which may never come, and by their spending kiting the prices of everything they buy. Maybe, as another pundit argues, they cannot help themselves; maybe the law of supply and demand compels them. Are not its forces irresistible and the necromancers of the OPA without the power to exorcise them? When "fifty per cent of our total production of goods and services is devoted to the war program" what else can be the result of our rising national income? Of all the forms of consumption which civilization canalizes, war is the most voracious, the most comprehensive. War not only uses goods and services, it uses them up, utterly. War is the most ultimate of ultimate consumers, starving all other appetites to fill its maw. As the abundantly buttered Nazi, Goering, long ago warned the kidnapped German people, to get cannons, they must forget butter. The entire world believes this now, and in consequence there is a growing moral compulsion as well as governmental pressure to make "butter" scarce in order that "cannons" may be abundant.

NOW, except that the alternatives of choice thus learnedly analyzed are somewhat rarer than those usually confronting the consumer, they are not choices of a different kind from the more usual ones. The traditional antithesis between the goods of war and the goods of peace has no roots in our psychology as consumers. It derives rather from the failure of our techniques as producers. War has its positive consummatory values no less than peace; John Ruskin preferred them to those of peace, both for themselves and for their consequences. Whatever choice a consumer makes, he gives up something else: the world for love, a career for liquor, the pleasures of the flesh for the enjoyment of art, pride of person for the sight of God. The alternatives "cannon" and "butter" present just another such choice. But choice must be possible, and real, that is, free. Neither cannon nor butter, God nor the world, must be imposed. Only men free to choose can choose, and war freely chosen yields certain characteristic gratifications which our natures crave. This is why William James urged that we must find moral equivalents for war. This is why, if we are realistic, we will not even try to cut these gratifications off, but search out how to orchestrate them with those of peace, so that the whole man may be served. We need them as we need bread and love, and we are starved and frustrate without them. It has long been observed that man does not live by bread alone. People have been known to die of fatness and complacency as well as hunger. When we talk about our standard of living, which the President called "that primary weapon of our defense" we are not talking of something to be measured by economic measures merely. Without the ethical and psychological imponderables which give them life those are so much dead fat. "Standard of living" is far more a matter of spirit than of flesh. The glory that was ancient Greece was economically a poor thing beside contemporary France; the height of the spirit in the modern world is not a function of the curve of commodity prices. The record of the depression and the war bears witness.

According to the experts, half of the population of Europe were in 1936 suffering from what we call malnutrition; the highest wage paid in England was from a third to a quarter lower than the average Detroit wage. As for the standard of living of the peasants and the machine-tenders of the Continent, it was far lower than anything that could be accepted here in the United States. By comparison with Americans the Germans and the British were underfed; the Russians, the Serbs, the



—From the jacket of "Paddy the Cope."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Greeks, the multitudes of China and Malaya were at the level of subsistence. Yet the Chinese, the British, and the Russians are fighting a heroic war, whereas the French, far better armed than these others, gave up. For guns are nothing without the qualities of the men who make them and the qualities of the men who shoot them. That which makes physical health is not merely an abundance of nourishment. It is the faith of the living spirit. It is the fighting faith able to develop the skill and sustain the efficiency which factory and field demand. The presence or lack of such faith makes all the difference in mobilizing and releasing the energies of which economic goods are but the raw materials.

This faith is the foundation of the standard of living conceived as "the primary weapon of our defense." It envisions the goal which our spirits seek and charges and supercharges the implements wherewith we struggle toward it. Inward to the vision, in one way or another, are the Four Freedoms which the President has named as the first and last objectives of our world wide civil war. The totalitarians who hate and fear freedom of conscience and freedom of thought and expression, seek the other two of the four for themselves alone: they promise their bondsmen at least freedom from want and freedom from fear. They differ from mankind in that they aim to make these freedoms their monopoly whereas free men crave the four for all human beings whatever their race, faith, occupation, or level of culture.

IT is the vision of these freedoms that energizes the economy of life and endows "standard of living" with whatever efficacy and significance it has. As ideals and programs they have followed a certain order in the heritage of the modern West. First men fought for freedom of conscience; then for freedom of thought; then for the political freedom on which freedom from fear depends, and last for the creation of the abundance of thoughts and things, for the free education and free enterprise, on which freedom from want depends. The entire meaning of man as consumer is contained in these freedoms. They embody the inwardness of our human nature. They make clear how tragic may be the mistake which sets up an absolute antagonism between "guns" and "butter" or suggests that men must live worse in order to fight better. Nothing could be farther from the truth. "Fighting weight" is far less a matter of poundage than passion. It is the weight of optional morale. The whole value of a cannon rests upon the spirit of the workers who make it and the soldiers who shoot it. The two are members of one another and either, lacking the other, is frustrated and defeated.

If this be true, the current ways of expounding and interpreting the economy of war are mistaken. They are mistaken because they disregard the consummatory inwardness of the war effort. In the light of this, "inflation," the "self-sacrifice" of the consumer, may be treated as tangencies; and ways of thinking and managing human relations which sustain these notions may be regarded as hampering and self-defeating ways.

THERE is another way of handling these relations which can release and exalt instead of hampering and depressing and coercing. It is a way which functions no less effectively in war than in peace. Its possibilities are brought to mind with the sharpness and clarity of a parable by a simple, beautiful instance of the successful fight against hunger and fear and ignorance and intolerance, this victorious instance of Everyman's struggle for the Four Freedoms, entitled "Paddy the Cope."*

Paddy is Patrick Gallagher, the leader of the Templecrone Consumer Cooperative Society, the first and foremost society of its kind in Ireland. Paddy is in his seventieth year. The peasant community into which he was born was one of the poorest and most congested in the land. The food on which he grew up, the clothes that covered him, the roof that sheltered him were as wanting as those of a Chinese coolie. He had to leave his poor school in his eleventh year, and from then until he founded the Cope in his thirty-third year he worked for a living without ever living any life. He was merely a producer. Looking for jobs as an agricultural laborer at hiring fairs, on Scottish farms, in mines and factories, his trampings brought him into contact with a consumer coöperative store in Scotland. The small savings of his purchase dividends meant to him the difference between somewhat less than enough and enough, according to his low "standard of living." When he married he took his wife to Scotland and the economy of his household centered upon the Pumperton Consumer Coöperative Society. So, when finally he returned home the ways and values of consumer coöperation were a measure that he carried with him. Back in his birthplace Paddy found the merchants and bankers and other gombeen men ready enough to join in forming a coöperative bank to lend money to farmers, and even readier to prevent the same farmers from doing for themselves

*PADDY THE COPE. An Autobiography. By Patrick Gallagher. New York: The Devin-Adair Company. 1942. 288 pp. $2.50.

(Continued on page 14)

THIS WEEK

Features

PAGE

TOWARD THE FOUR FREEDOMS
By Horace Kallen ... 3

BOOKS IN DEMOCRACY'S ARSENAL
By Archibald MacLeish ... 9

Reviews

TODAY WE ARE BROTHERS
By Leo Lania
Reviewed by Alfred Werner ... 5

HEROES I HAVE KNOWN
By Max Eastman
Reviewed by Jacques Barzun ... 5

SUNDAY BEST
By John Cecil Holm
Reviewed by Struthers Burt ... 6

AND NOW TOMORROW
By Rachel Field
Reviewed by Rebecca Lowrie ... 6

FLOODS OF SPRING
By Henry Bellamann
Reviewed by N. L. Rothman ... 7

COME GENTLE SPRING
By Evelyn Bolster
Reviewed by Richard Nathan ... 7

THE RIVERS ARE FROZEN
By Nea Colton
Reviewed by Richard R. Plant ... 8

MAN CANNOT TELL
By Philip Lightfoot Scruggs
Reviewed by Allan Nevins ... 8

THE FRANCE OF TOMORROW
By Albert Guérard
Reviewed by André Maurois ... 12

MOSCOW WAR DIARY
By Alexander Werth

ALL-OUT ON THE ROAD TO SMOLENSK
By Erskine Caldwell

THE VOICE OF FIGHTING RUSSIA
Edited by Lucien Zacharoff
Reviewed by Mark Gayn ... 13

TORNADO ACROSS EASTERN EUROPE
By Josef Hanc
Reviewed by Henry B. Kranz ... 16

ANNAPOLIS
By Captain W. D. Puleston
Reviewed by Paul Schubert ... 16

TIME AND THE PHYSICIAN
By Lewellys F. Barker
Reviewed by Mabel S. Ulrich ... 17

THE PHOENIX NEST
By William Rose Benét ... 19

Departments

YOUR LITERARY I.Q ... 8
EDITORIAL ... 10
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR ... 11
TRADE WINDS, by Bennett Cerf ... 20
DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 426 ... 23
DOUBLE-CROSTICS CLUB ... 23

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Company, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President and Treasurer; George Dilkes, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Albert R. Erskine, Jr., Advertising Manager. Subscription, $4 a year; $5 in Canada and other countries. At least 3 weeks' notice required for changes of address; both old and new addresses must be given. Printed in U. S. A. Vol. XXV, No. 21, May 23, 1942. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"One Man's Life"

TODAY WE ARE BROTHERS. The Biography of a Generation. By Leo Lania. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1942. 344 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by ALFRED WERNER

AMONG the works already produced or still to be written on what appears to have occurred "only yesterday," Lania's autobiography will certainly stand out as a moving "document humaine" of a turbulent period. It was a clever idea to give the decidedly biased "personal history" of a man who, as a journalist, had frequently looked into Clio's workshop, instead of a philosophical treatise purporting to be "objective." As the author puts it, rather modestly: "If I set out to write an autobiography, it is not because I attach world-shaking importance to the state of my soul or to my experiences. My aim will be to illuminate an entire epoch through the story of one man's life."

Lania was born forty-six years ago, in Kharkov, the capital of the Ukraine, the son of a famous physician who had attended the Czar's mother yet would not renounce his Judaism for the sake of a professorship. But Vienna became Lania's spiritual home, where his family settled when he was only a boy and where he always returned from his long journeys, although he achieved his fame in Berlin, like most Austrian writers. A unique place, this pre-war Vienna, with its Cottage (the garden suburb around the Türkenschanzpark where Austrian literature and music were born), its already historic Café Central with its original though starving philosophers, poets, actresses, and painters, and last but not least, its national and racial struggles.

But still more interesting than his description of a charming though decadent society, or the precocious boy's strange encounter with the Italian poet, Gabriele d'Annunzio, is his report of the war into which his class had slipped without noticing it. Austrian atrocities against Czech soldiers at the Russian front—the queer Proclamation of General Ludendorff, who later became a Hitlerite, "To my dear Jews in Poland"—sexual orgies in the capital on the eve of Austria's collapse—a growing revolt among the monarchy's dozen nationalities . . . Lania was looked upon as a dangerous pacifist, because he contributed to the Social Democratic *Arbeiter-Zeitung,* only received the Silver Medal for extraordinary bravery, and was refused a furlough in Vienna where conditions were working up to a climax.

Having turned from d'Annunzio to Marx, from Marx to Lenin, Lania after the war became editor of the Viennese Communist organ, *Rote Fahne.* But much as he despised the lukewarmness and indecision of the Social Democratic rulers of the early post-war years, he soon discovered the narrow-mindedness of his fellow-communists in Vienna and the dangerous dilettantism of the "revolutionaries" in

—From the jacket drawing.

Budapest. He left the party and started to combat the Fascist danger as an independent journalist. "Among the blind, the myopic, the wearers of pink spectacles, the wrong-headed, he was cleareyed," was the praise recently bestowed on the author by Edgar A. Mowrer. One need not subscribe in every detail to his political ideas in order to admit that he had courage and vision. Disguised as a special correspondent sent to the Fuehrer by Arnaldo Mussolini, brother of the Duce, he exposed the Nazi peril at a time when nobody took it seriously; he wrote on the Hitler trial of 1924 ("Germany's Gravediggers"), and on the secret armament traffic engaged in by the Nationalists ("Rifles on Tour") he covered the Genoa conference with its vain efforts to reconstruct Europe on the basis of peace and justice, the first years of Italian Fascism as well as the developments in Stalin's Russia.

Blacklisted by the Nazis, Lania escaped with his family from Germany to Austria, there to continue his struggle against brutality, darkness, and oppression—but Austria collapsed under the Nazi threats; dying France afforded only a brief breathing-spell to the indomitable fighter who finally escaped to the United States after the dangerous and thrilling flight, described in an earlier book.

This candid autobiography tells how the spirit of man was repeatedly defeated by the demons of darkness—and yet it is not a pessimistic book. It is a thoughtful and entertaining book, its somewhat didactic tone being mitigated by the vivid recital of purely human episodes.

On the Pedestal

HEROES I HAVE KNOWN. By Max Eastman. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1942. 326 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by JACQUES BARZUN

IN introducing these twelve sketches of the great, Mr. Eastman himself invites comparison with Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero-Worship," and offers a distinction between a complete and a critical devotion to the heroic in human beings. The distinction is doubtless worth making, but its demonstration by the examples contained in this volume entirely fails. It is not because Mr. Eastman is critical but rather because his point of view is wobbly. He is by turns an intimate essayist, a reporter, an autobiographer, a sentimental feature writer, and a humorist. It is as a humorist that I like him best. The laughter he provokes is at once loud and subtle, like that of Mark Twain, whom he smuggles into his gallery of twelve greatly to our advantage.

Some of the other essays—notably that on Mr. Eastman's mother and that on T. K. Beecher are in the same happy vein. But elsewhere, despite valuable bits of information and insight, the author's doctrinaire bohemianism and his apparent determination to make the reader cozy with philosophy or art or revolution are alike painful and silly.

Like everything Mr. Eastman writes, this book is easy to read, but whereas we are grateful to him for saying as concise and vivid a thing as: "Experiences like that in childhood leave channels of scar tissue in which the feelings flow, no matter what the mind says," we are only distressed by the trite and false generalities that compose the essay on Anatole France and the labored sparring misrepresents Freud.

When the Epilogue brings us back with a jolt to the theme of Biography and Democracy, or Why Carlyle Was Wrong, we feel that Mr. Eastman has trifled all too seriously with an important idea. He has apparently not even seen that his admiration for Lenin and criticism of Trotsky support Carlyle's views against his own. Fortunately we can forget this inconsequential muffing while remembering a few good laughs, a half-dozen perfect sentences, and two or three wholly charming essays.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Holm . . .

SUNDAY BEST. By John Cecil Holm. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1942. 279 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by STRUTHERS BURT

THIS is a lovely book, and I use the belabored and bedeviled adjective advisedly because I can find no other which describes accurately what Mr. Holm has done. Lovely, as you will remember, if you forget your slang and remember your words, means "possessing qualities that inspire admiration and love; charming." And that is the first and the encompassing impression which you receive. But there's much more to it than that —a lot more, for within this outer, and infrequent circle where most books are concerned, several important things have been accomplished with the spare prose and spare and expert use of incident of the accomplished writer of plays, which the author is.

Nor do I think that in my genuine enthusiasm I have been blinded by the fact that I too, like Mr. Holm, am "an escaped Philadelphian." This is no natal back-scratching. Like Mr. Holm, I have achieved an objective point of view and can take my Philadelphia or leave it. Carelessly and casually this is another book about a father from the point of view of a son, and in the last five years plenty of them have been written. About mothers, too. But this is not just "another father book." It has a curious and important message, or rather, since that is an unfortunate word, even when a message is needed, as it usually is, it contains necessary and exciting information for this present grim moment.

Mr. Holm has re-created a character —the character of his father—very fully, very tenderly, very amusingly; and once more, deftly, with the sparse, selected adroit strokes of the dramatist. And around this central character, he has placed others; his mother, his brother and sister, uncles, all the people of a Philadelphia neighborhood. Doing this, he has also re-created a period, the first twenty years or so of this century as lived in a large and, in its own peculiar way, extremely American city, curiously unknown to most other Americans. You see the people; you see and smell the neighborhood and watch its ways, and although the neighborhood is individual, as all neighborhoods are, when you have finished the book you realize that next to it are other neighborhoods, similar but individual, stretching out and out indefinitely to form the heart, the core, of the sprawling city, and beyond that, to form the heart, the core, of the country. These neighborhoods are neither slums nor Park Avenues. They are inhabited by fairly simple and for the most part good people, earnestly involved in making a living and bringing up their families, and the point is, that Mr. Holm, because he has understanding and imagination, knows that this is exciting, and that these people are excited and interested folk, and that the sum total is exciting and worth getting excited about. "Sunday Best" is an oddly stirring and exciting book. There is in it not a trace of the usual "pathetic fallacy" where one pities condescendingly the drab lives of the majority. Instinctively or otherwise, Mr. Holm realizes that there are few drab lives, unless they are pathologic, and that such are American conditions that in America drab lives are scarcer than anywhere else.

John Cecil Holm

The book is nostalgic. Naturally. One cannot write about one's youth without at times becoming nostalgic. And here I want to interpolate what, to me, is a gratifying similiarity. Mr. Holm is considerably younger than I, but the Philadelphia of his youth is exactly the Philadelphia of my youth even to the little candies for children bought in little shops. There's a warm, sunny recollection about such things, and about Philadelphia on hot days there's a warm, hazy, sun-filled light not known to many people but Philadelphians. That light is still there, I know, and I think children still buy queer and sticky candy. I don't think the automobile and the movies and war, or anything else, have changed things as much as Mr. Holm and I think; not the essential things. They are worth remembering, and writing about, and coming back to—improved; and fighting for.

Once more I say this is a lovely and exciting book, and it's not because I was brought up in Philadelphia.

Rachel Field

Field . . .

AND NOW TOMORROW. By Rachel Field. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1942. 350 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by REBECCA LOWRIE

RACHEL FIELD has written some fine books, and remembering them, one feels sad that "And Now Tomorrow" which is interesting and sometimes poignant, is so much less finished, both in writing and in construction, than some of her earlier work. If she were living now, and other novels were likely to come, one would say the level has dropped a bit, this time—(and what author has a constant level?)—but her talent can be counted on to reassert itself.

"And Now Tomorrow" is the story of Emily Blair, of the mill-owning Blairs, who almost always did what was expected of them. Emily's father was the exception. He was a painter and married a Polish mill girl, and he died in France during the last war, leaving his two little girls, Emily and Janice, to be brought up by their admirable, conventional Aunt Em. The sisters were mutually allergic. Emily who tells the story, makes the lovely and amoral Janice, alluring in her ruthless self absorption and unfortunately leaves herself rather smug and colorless. Even in the years of her rapturous engagement to Harry Collins she follows the Blair blueprint. Harry loves her tepidly and in the dreary stretches after meningitis has left her completely deaf, he makes a half hearted attempt to act with honor, while Emily goes from specialist to specialist and Janice holds his kind but weak heart. Emily resigned to deafness, and relying wholly on Harvey, is unaware that she has lost him. A doctor with a new technique, per-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

suades her to let him experiment with her closed ears. He, a mill-worker's son himself, resents the fact that so many of her faculties are closed, and he opens her eyes to the position of labor in the mills, of workers and their families, of the Union's point of view. In the end, with eyes, ears, and heart open she is ready for living.

Strangely, "And Now Tomorrow" seems superficial in spite of the issues, both human and social, which are involved. The labor situation and the upsurging resentment of the mill-hands against the benevolent rule of the Blairs does not come with any impact of reality and even Emily's emotional odyssey lacks genuine emotion. I wish that "And Now Tomorrow" were just a breathing space before Rachel Field's next novel.

Evelyn Bolster

Henry Bellamann

Bellamann . . .

FLOODS OF SPRING. By Henry Bellamann. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1942. 374 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

AFTER the resounding success he achieved with "Kings Row," Mr. Bellamann is probably prepared for the demanding comparisons that any new book must face. From that point of view it may be said that "Floods of Spring" is not quite as good; there are reasons for that, which I shall mention. Yet if it is possible to view the book alone, as a piece of work by a man we do not know, it will be seen to possess qualities and a richness all its own, and we should want to regard this man with great interest. In "Floods of Spring" we see a man who can write sensuously of the spirit, who sees the spirit as a force suffusing the body, flooding along the veins, projecting all action and speech. Bellamann, like D. H. Lawrence before him, knows where the springs of action lie, deep at the core. You do not see his characters, as you did not see Lawrence's, visually, but you feel them, intimately. Their impact is known to you. Peter Kettring, the central character here, is like a vein of iron running through the novel. He appears, in person or in influence, everywhere. His is the only force that moves. He swallows up everybody else—wife, sons, neighbors—and himself too, out of an undefined madness for dominance. It was first the land that he wanted, and it was only land that he had at last. Bellamann has devoted considerable attention to the landscape behind this Byronic figure. The Missouri River pulses always beside him, and the small mid-Western towns, St. Stephens, and Kings Row too, loom darkly around. It is very poetically done, a vital and compelling tragedy.

What, then, is lacking? First, a foil for Kettring, and an explanation. These are simultaneous needs. A tragedy contains the clash of forces, and there is no comparable force to place beside Kettring. His wife, Savina, is pale, beautiful, and obedient beyond measure. His sons never really balk him. They are different, but never challenging. Even the land has yielded to his demands, and prospers. Why, then, the Byronic despairs and the passionate loneliness? It is a problem Bellamann has posed without solving, and Kettring's dark nature goes unexplained. To give some measure of clash to the tale Bellamann is forced to resort to such expedients as having a son, David, run away to college, and having Peter thrown by a wild horse. These, and other, events seem often forced; they do not rise out of necessity.

A second objection may seem unusual. The book is too short. Bellamann has always been prodigal with his material, and there are great, sweeping scenes here, and the tag-end echoes of the Civil War, its dislocations and resentments. There are many characters, many entanglements, many wills. They all seem to have been hurried over quickly and lightly; in "Kings Row" there was a sound and subtle development of every facet of the story. But "Kings Row" was exactly three hundred pages longer. Bellamann needs space and time for the stories he tells, and we want to see him use them at the top of his bent. More work on Robin Kettring, and Savina, and even Peter himself, would have made this book as big as it was meant to be.

Bolster . . .

COME GENTLE SPRING. By Evelyn Bolster. New York: Vanguard Press. 1942. 378 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD NATHAN

THIS book is something really rare, a good pastoral novel, written in the spirit of those classic pastorals which celebrated land, air, beasts, and shepherds. Best of all is its careful underwriting, the way in which words and moods are toned down so that people do not loom up dramatically but seem rather to blend in protective coloration against the landscape. And yet they are more natural that way, and their emotions are truly elemental for all the quietude of their expression. The sun and the light stream through them; they seem conscious of this as they talk and move.

The characters are few, grouped about Rob Cowan, fifty-five years old as the story opens. His daughter blunders into a hasty marriage, his son makes feverish pursuit of a venal little waitress, his wife retires to a position of permanent shrewishness, and Rob himself wonders why he can find peace only with the blooming, earthy, placid Bessie, a neighbor's wife. "Edith was his wife, an always thing, but he wished he could go over to Bessie's for dinner." All of these strains work themselves out quietly. There are the bitter realities and the dull frustrations, yet there is no tragedy, for experience itself is here a kind of triumph, whatever its nature, and beauty rises out of mere consciousness of living. Miss Bolster has infused her simple materials with this pastoral elevation of spirit, and her studied understatement ought not to lead us to forget how well she writes, or how profoundly she understands the people of whom she writes. We should like to see her reach the audience she deserves.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Colton . . .

THE RIVERS ARE FROZEN. By Nea Colton. New York: Coward-McCann. 1942. 296 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD R. PLANT

THERE is much that is excellent in this first novel. Miss Colton has a nice feeling for style and a gift for conveying the complexity of human emotions with admirable economy of language. In "The Rivers Are Frozen," she has not, however, entirely succeeded in accomplishing what she set out to do. She has chosen a somewhat difficult theme, that of spiritual growth and development of character through love and sacrifice. The weakness of the book lies in the fact that her heroine, Leo Martin, remains throughout a rather nebulous and hazy portrait, a creature of obscure mental processes and unclear emotions. Leo does not emerge at the end the splendid and purposive figure the author obviously had in mind.

Leo Martin, product of New England, living obstinately cut off from her background, is first introduced to us on the day she has thrown up her job. We are told of a love affair, not altogether satisfactory, in her past. She has determined to remold her life into some new pattern, to infuse it with some more substantial reason for being, although she has no definite idea as to what direction it will take. Thus, at loose ends, helpless and floundering, she meets Mikel Arteaga, youngest of a family of Basques who owns a grocery store in New York's Greenwich Village. They are instantly attracted to each other. Leo feels that here, perhaps, is someone to give her life the meaning she seeks. Mikel, in spite of deep family ties, finds his love for Leo a force not to be resisted.

The course of their turbulent and ill-fated love forms the main portion of the novel. As a contrasting backdrop of calm and peace, there is the picture of Mikel's family, sketched with loving care. There are glimpses, too, into the lives of the Basques who frequent the Pelota Café on Eighth Avenue. All these are excellently wrought and are the most vivid and charming creations in the book. It is only with Leo herself that the author seems to have had difficulties. I am sure it was not intended to make her an unattractive, unsympathetic person, yet that is what has happened. One has the feeling that the real tragedy of Leo's story is that she will never find happiness with anyone, since she herself is emotionally unbalanced nearly to the point of hysteria. Also, Miss Colton, first having attempted to gain sympathy for her heroine by showing her as pursued by Mikel, suddenly does an about-face and makes Leo the pursuer, which is puzzling to the reader.

On the whole, however, the book evinces a commendable talent.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

POETIC OCCASIONS

"What were the poetic occasions," asks Mary McCash, of Bloomfield, Iowa, "that produced the famous words quoted below?" From 6 to 8 correct answers is par, 9 or 10 is good, and 11 or better is excellent. Answers on page 15.

1. "Bravo, bravo!" the King cried out,
   "All honor to those who try . . . "
2. "Heyday and what's the matter now?"
   Says grandmamma with lifted brow.
3. "Oh, let us be married; too long we have tarried."
4. "Skoal! to the Northland! Skoal!"
5. "I'll astonish the nation an' all creation
   By flying over the celebration."
6. "She is won! we are gone over bank, bush, and scar!"
7. "Now don't you go till I come," he said,
   "And don't you make any noise."
8. "It seems a shame
   To play them such a trick."
9. "I chiefly use my charm
   On creatures that do people harm."
10. "Strike—till the last armed foe expires;
    Strike—for your altars and your fires."
11. "Last night the moon had a golden ring
    And tonight no moon we see."
12. "Why, you shall say at break of day:
    'Sail on! Sail on! Sail on, and on!'"

Scruggs . . .

MAN CANNOT TELL. A Novel of Bacon's Rebellion. By Philip Lightfoot Scruggs. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1942. 396 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

THERE is a pleasing simplicity directness, and force in this story of the most dramatic and tragic event in the colonial history of Virginia. The author does not trouble his reader with complexities of character or refinements of plot; he expends his talents upon a clear depiction of the social scene, and a rapid narrative of his hero's part in the Bacon revolt. An equally pleasing veracity is found in the volume. Mr. Scruggs is himself a descendant of the early colonists of the Tidewater. He speaks in his preface of "extensive research," and the text bears him out. His study of the various economic groups, from the indentured servants to the proud royal governor and his council, is as carefully executed as his study of the geography of the rebellion. The book is something better than a transient entertainment; it should long be used by those who visit the area of Williamsburg and Jamestown as a guide to the storied past of the region.

Adventure aplenty was connected with Bacon's abortive rebellion. But what interests the novelist most is the expression of the American spirit to be found in that sudden angry uprising; a spasmodic attack on privilege and oppression, and a foreshadowing not only of the greater revolt just a century later, but of numerous other risings of the insulted and injured on this continent. The hero of the tale is Jellis Holt, who first appears as one of the poor devils beneath the colonial harrow; an immigrant working out his bond by hard daily toil. When he gains his independence, he naturally throws in his lot with the small farmers who feel outraged by the policy of their betters at Jamestown. No older history of these days gives quite so vivid a picture of the wrongs of the settlers, of the angry energy with which they followed Bacon to gain redress, and of the fervor with which they fought against the class misgovernment of Berkeley and the rich planters.

To meet the demands of ordinary readers, Mr. Scruggs has given his novel a love story. But it is plain that this means little to him. His interest lies in Bacon and the common men who followed Bacon and swept through the old settlements like a whirlwind. It is a tale of unflagging interest, and the author realizes the greatness of his theme.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books in Democracy's Arsenal

ARCHIBALD MacLEISH

On May 6, Archibald MacLeish addressed the members of the American Booksellers Association at their annual meeting in New York City. Because of the importance of his remarks not only to booksellers but to the entire world of books, his talk, somewhat condensed, is published here.

THIS meeting is almost an anniversary. It lacks four days of being the ninth anniversary of the Nazi bonfire of May 10, 1933 in which 25,000 books were burned.

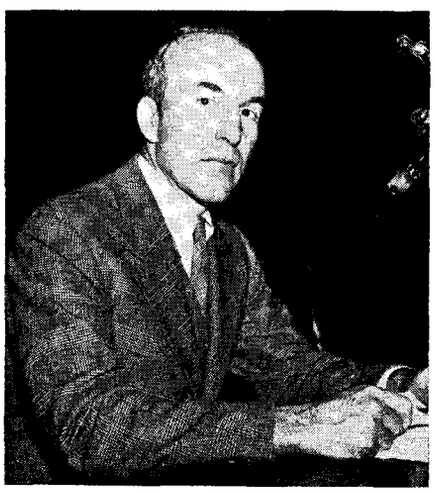
The Nazis—the misled and ignorant boys, the frustrated generation which made up the Nazi rabble, which became the Nazi gang, which produced the Nazi "Order"—these Nazis perpetrated their obscene and spiteful act because they knew, ignorant and disappointed and defeated as they were, that books are weapons and that a free man's books—such books as free men with a free man's pride can write—are weapons of such edge and weight and power that those who would destroy the world of freedom must first destroy the books that freedom fights with.

The question I should like to pose—the question all of us who live with books, writers as well as book-sellers, publishers as well as librarians, professors as well as public servants—must pose to ourselves is this: do we, for all our protestations—do we, for all our talk of books and all our labor with books and all our knowledge of books—do we recognize the power of books as truly as the Nazi mob which dumped them on a fire—do we truly and actually, in our lives as well as in our words, ascribe as great an influence to the books we write and publish and sell and catalogue and teach, as those who fear the free men's books enough to burn them?

I am not indulging in rhetoric. I am asking a question. And I am asking it with the greatest seriousness of which I am capable. I think I know the answer. I think you know it too. But you will agree with me that a devil's advocate could give us, if he wished, an uncomfortable half hour.

A competent devil's advocate could ask us to forget the brutality and ignorance of the Nazis for a moment and think back over our own behavior in the last decades to say whether, in our honest judgment, we who dealt with books during this period had acted as though we thought of books as powerful influences—as instruments by which the lives of men and nations can be shaped—or whether, on the contrary, we thought of books as merchandise—as packages to be sold alongside of rubber tooth brushes and bottles of hair tonic and packages of proprietary pills. It would not be an easy question to answer. We could reply in all honesty that the methods of merchandising developed in the twenties and practised in the thirties sold quantities of books such as had never before been sold and carried best-seller after best-seller over previous best-seller records until there seemed to be no limit to possible best-seller sales. But our devil's advocate, when we told him we had such quantities of books, could ask "What books?" "And selected for sale by what standards?" "And to what effect?"

"Certainly," he could say to us, "all questions of literary merit aside"—(and I assume we should be only too happy to leave them aside)—"all questions of literary merit aside, there was as little in these books themselves as in your handling of these books to indicate that you thought of books as powerful influences on the nation's life or on the nation's future. If ever the people of a great nation were ignorant of the secret changes of the world in which they lived—if ever the people of a great nation were unprepared to face the gathering and unfamiliar dangers of a changing time—the people of this country were ignorant and unprepared when first the Nazis struck for power. A few books on the best-seller lists—books like Hemingway's "For Whom the Bell Tolls"—books like Ed Taylor's "Strategy of Terror"—books like Bill Shirer's "Berlin Diary"—were books about the actual world—books which, if believed, would have given the people of the country some understanding of the dangers they faced before those dangers materialized in bombers over Honolulu and dead men off the Atlantic Coast. But the great bulk of the book sales were sales of books which gave no indication whatever of the actualities of our time—no indication that the history of the last ten years has been a history which could only end in mortal danger to ourselves—no indication that the fascist revolution in Spain was the beginning of a fascist war which put our lives also, our freedoms also, in mortal peril, or that the Nazi conquest of Czechoslovakia was a conquest aimed, not at the Bohemian mountains only, but at other and more distant countries and eventually our own."



Archibald MacLeish

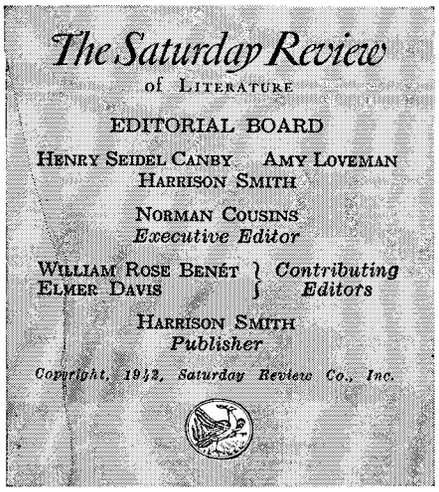
There is no reason to push the imaginary colloquy further or to make the obvious debaters' points on the other side: the point that American writers as a group were the earliest and the most courageous fighters against fascism in this country, exposing the Franco revolution in Spain for what it was when few beside the writers were willing to do so; the point that many American publishers devoted more time and money than they had to spare to the publication of anti-fascist books; the point that there were booksellers who undertook as a patriotic duty the forewarning of the people. All of these points can be made and others besides. But the fact nevertheless remains that the record as a whole is not a record of effective use of books for a purpose for which books could have been, and should have been, effective.

All of us, I think, will now agree that the American record over the last two decades is not a satisfying record. All of us will agree that the chain of folly linked to folly leads back from the tragic day when Bataan surrendered—the tragic day of the fall of Corregidor—to the no less tragic days when we let our victory in the last war fall from our irresponsible and foolish fingers. All of us will agree that the history of the last twenty-four years can now be seen, in retrospect, to unfold from irremediable negligence to inevitable disaster with the terrible and insistent fatality of a poem by Euripides. All of us will agree that there is no man or group of men of our generation—above all no man or group of men of those who deal with books—who can escape responsibility for the evil which has fallen on our time.

But what needs to be done now is not to look backward and confess our faults, what needs to be done now is to translate this general sense of responsibility into the single and specific

(*Continued on page* 18)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A HERO FOR AMERICA

THERE have been many pleas to give us heroes in this war—men who seem to incarnate the new resolves and new ideas as to how life must be handled which so many of us feel. This desire for new heroes is not romantic, even though sensationalism will do its best to make it so. It is deeply instinctive, almost religious in character. We long to see embodied and in action what we can only feel. Men, and women too, are already beginning to satisfy this desire. So it was in the Civil War, in both North and South, when, after so many disappointments, Lee and Lincoln especially began to take on that representative quality of the best in us which is the great service of heroism.

But books play their part, a most important part, also; for it is the printed and the spoken word which establishes the hero or the heroic type in the popular imagination, though the man and type must be made by action.

And here already we can see shaping, though not yet adequately defined and projected in books, a heroic type which, in some important aspects, is new in literature as it is new in life—the airman. In the last war he was romantic—a daredevil flying a flimsy machine, a scout, a raider, as spectacular as the cavalry troops of the South in the 60's, and as ineffective in winning the war.

This is all changed now. Aerial warfare, as Major A. P. de Seversky has shown in his recent book, is central, not marginal. While air power alone can probably not determine a conclusion, no victory can be won without it. It is Napoleon's central arm of artillery given ranges of thousands of miles. It is indispensable to offense, indispensable to defense. For its servicing we require, not only a higher physical standard then was ever exacted before, unless by the rather mythical Spartans, but a high I.Q., and a technological ability which only really good brains can attain to. Hence, there is no more inspiring sight than an air corps of cadets. They are, because they have to be, selected to a degree not matched before in the personnel of the ranks.

So much is obvious. But what is not so obvious is that this assembling of fine minds in fine bodies, for a service which on the ground is exigent, and in the air demands the most of every faculty, including, of course, courage and quick thought, is surely going to produce a new human type, which literature will soon learn to know. The Norman knight, who first mastered mounted warfare in armor, and became irresistible, was a parallel, and a whole literature was written about him.

This new hero-type is very different. He admits to fear but does not let it stop or confuse him. He is a realist, but not, as the Norman too often was, a brute. He has the imagination of the modern civilized man made conscious and active by the intelligence he has to have for his job. While his task is usually destructive, it is not civilization that he wants to destroy—which would be to destroy himself.

In other words, one of the profoundly significant psychological happenings of this war is the raising of an army of men whose mental calibre is that of the officer class. Pilots and mechanics and gunners, whose job is aloft, will not need necessarily more courage or adaptiveness than the rank and file of our ground and sea forces. Nevertheless, we are sending most of the best of our young brains into the air, into a combat where they retain to an unusual degree their individual responsibility, into intense danger which they face with the developed imagination of the highly educated man. The result may be—apparently has been—a ruthless fanaticism, as in Germany. Much more, probably, in our country, it will mean a new kind of courage, a new kind of intelligence in war, a new human type and probably a new kind of hero, which it is the duty of books to interpret and celebrate. For it is not only the fighting young men who need to see visions in wartime; the people at large need new ideals of courage, intelligence, and will.

H. S. C.

The Shy—

By Amanda Benjamin Hall

A WOMAN who is shy is like a deer,
Child of the outmost green, and warily walking
Her covert ways, her wild heart tense with fear
Of the unheard, eternal hunter stalking
His prey against the wind . . . She stands alone
And militant, and yet she is no Joan
Riding to war, but rather in the field
Maintaining an armed peace. She lives austere
In gentleness, a proud and spiney thistle,
Her fragrance chaste upon the atmosphere
With terrible beauty of a saint's Epistle . . .
She is as private as a fountain sealed,
Withdrawn as are the echoes in a shell!

A shy man has a strange, unchangeable
Sweetness and depth. A pool among the alders
He seems—a still pool with an iron stain.
There is in him the freshness of the rain,
And silence rides forever on his shoulders
To hush all forms of babel. As an arrow
Escaping from the bow of human touch,
His soul is swift, and no pursuit of such
A wingèd dart avails; no eye may track
Its course, nor find it fallen in the yarrow . . .
Address him and you have him on the rack,
Whose nature is a thing of many locks
And bolts, whose love no listener may quote,
Nor violate the strong and secret box
That holds the pulsing bird, nor catch its note . . .

He is the Spartan lad who held a fox,
Gnawing his vitals, underneath his coat!

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

To Vienna and Return

SIR:—Mr. Alfred Werner has stated his pessimistic opinion on present, past, and future Austria in the *Saturday Review*. Perhaps it is natural that a refugee who has undergone such harrowing experiences in Nazified Austria should not only regard the country in its present condition with horrified repugnance, but extend a part of his aversion also to the pre-Hitler stage.

At the same time, Mr. Werner's supercilious, haughty attitude towards his native land—which he "does not desire to condemn flatly"—must be irritating to any lover of the old, the true Austria. Though he admits its importance for European culture and art, he does it with grudging condescension in which the overtones of reverence and love are totally lacking.

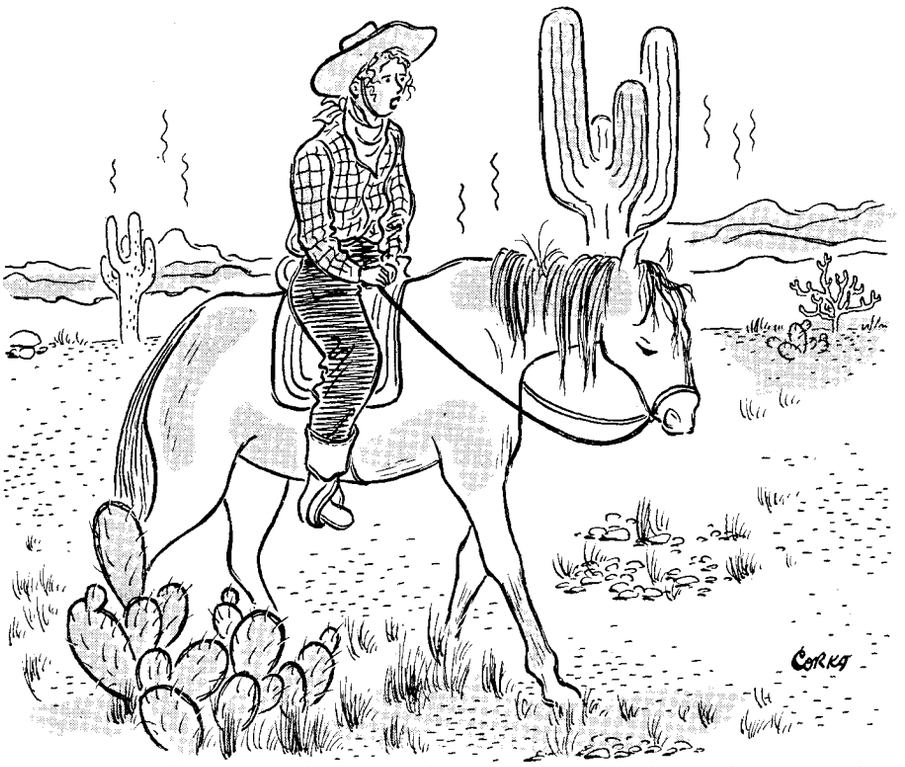
With a great deal of erudition, the author tries to prove that "the Vienna of 1898 already bore within it the germs of the disease that destroyed it so ingloriously in 1938." He even sees in the work of eminent Austrian poets and writers a "death-wish" symbolic of the whole country's tired decadence. However, this trait does not express a longing for physical dissolution, but recognition of the fact that "We are such stuff as dreams are made on," and that this fleeting, transitory life is but an image of a higher, ultimate reality. This insight, shared with the best in Oriental philosophy, could easily take hold of a country which had always formed the bridge between East and West. Tempering and refining a substratum of solid earthiness, it imparts a translucent, evanescent shimmer to the works of such Austrian poets as Grillparzer, Rilke, Schnitzler, Hofmannsthal, Altenberg, and others.

The end of Austria was not inevitable. It did not die of malignant disease, but was deliberately killed by the treaty-makers of St. Germain whose stupidity and ruthlessness made the mistakes of Versailles pale into insignificance. Had a Danubian Federation been formed—with Vienna, the town of traditional universalism as its logical center—there would have been no post-war starvation, crime, violence, gangsterism, or any other of the numerous evils which paved the way so effectively for Hitler.

It is as impossible to predict the future of Austria as that of any other country involved in the present war. But if there is going to be a new Europe of any kind—and it is surely one of the avowed war aims that there shall be one,—Austria will hold a more important position in it than since the days of the Holy Roman Empire. The fine traits of a country which fought for five years heroically against the Brown Terror, could not have been wholly effaced in an equal space of time. One day the task may fall to Austria to reconcile a Germany purged of its devils with a deeply alienated world.

MARIE BURTON.

Hollywood, Cal.



"It is a wonderful vacation and I am enjoying it. It is a wonderful vacation and I am enjoying it. IT IS A WONDERFUL. . . . "

Step Right Up Dep't

SIR:—I can't think of anything *SRL* has done in the fifteen years I have been reading it that has given the magazine as much vitality and distinction as your special issues. I had been accustomed in the old days to the regular Spring, Fall, and Christmas announcement issues. But your topical issues are even more valuable. And your latest special issue on the Southwest hits a new high. Once I thought the *SRL* might be a luxury in wartime; today I can't think of a magazine that can help as much in an understanding of a world at war.

MAXWELL COLBY.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Who Wrote This?

SIR:—A few years ago the editor of a small brochure—"The Month at Goodspeed's," sent out by the Goodspeed's Book Shop of Boston, asked the following question: "Who said, 'Greater than the tread of mighty armies is an idea whose hour has come?'" We scrambled through every book in our library, and everybody else's library, but failed to locate the brilliant observation. We finally wrote Goodspeed's, asking if they had received any information on the subject of treading armies and arriving ideas, but was told they had not. If any reader of the *SRL* can furnish this information, we shall immediately forward same to the Goodspeed's Book Shop, thanking the editor of the brochure for his Socratic modus operandi; and asking him to join us in a burnt offering of some kind, as a sort of everlasting tribute to the digger-upper of the information.

GENE BOARDMAN HOOVER.

10 West 53rd Street,
Kansas City, Missouri.

SIR:—Can anyone help me identify the following passage? I read it five years ago, it seems to me, but for some reason I can recall neither the story nor the title from which it is taken.

> Immortality? We have it but we deny it; we are living it every day, all of us, yet we search for it endlessly, like a man in search of a soul. Stop now, think now, we cannot be destroyed any more than we can be created. Who would live forever cannot deny life.

GEORGE PRENTICE.

Elmhurst, N. Y.

SIR:—Anyone who recalls the date, place, and any other important details of a stage performance of "Ben-Hur" is invited to send the information to Irving McKee, Culver, Ind. Dr. McKee is completing a biography of Lew Wallace, author of "Ben-Hur" the novel.

IRVING MCKEE.

Culver, Indiana.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Abbé Sieyès Redivivus

THE FRANCE OF TOMORROW. By Albert Guérard. Cambridge: Harvard Press. 1942. 287 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by ANDRÉ MAUROIS

"THIS book is frankly a tract for the times. Its first purpose is to elucidate a set of contemporary events, those which led to the fall of democratic France. Its second purpose is to advocate definite policies which will enable France and the world to breathe once more . . ." We shall deal here mostly with the second purpose.

Mr. Albert Guérard professes to believe in free institutions. Yet he is definitely anti-parliamentarian. In fact, never did Renan or Maurras write a more peremptory condemnation of parliamentarism. "In England," he says, "the weaknesses of parliamentarianism are partly corrected by the instinctive skill which is bred by agelong practice. In America, the presidential feature is dominant; Congress was intended only as a check, not as a master."

In France, according to Professor Guérard, the Constitution of 1875 failed to organize the country and he does not wish to see France, after the victory of the Allies, go back to it. He endorses heartily Emile Faguet's definition of representative democracy: "The cult of incompetence and the dread of responsibilities." He remarks that no army, no church, no business could survive if the members organized themselves into groups for the sole purpose of reviling the management at every turn. We have of course heard many such denunciations from fascists or reactionary thinkers. The originality of Professor Guérard is that he is at the same time an enemy of Parliament and a friend of liberty. It is essential to realize that the universal revolt against party politics (a revolt victorious in Russia, Italy, Germany, threatening in France long before the collapse, ominously rumbling even in England and in America) is not directed against democracy or against liberty: it is directed against the omnipotence of assemblies.

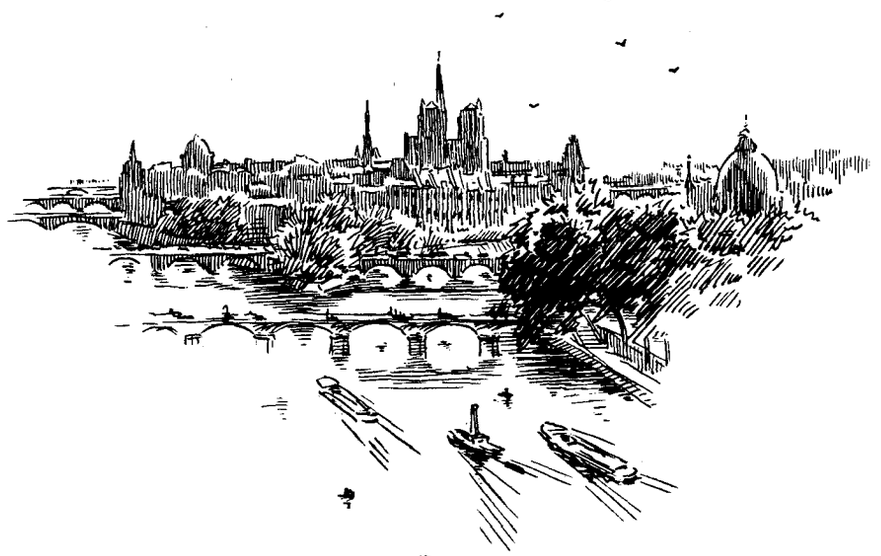
How then does Mr. Guérard suggest the France of tomorrow should be governed? He wants "freedom without parliament and efficiency without dictatorship." A commendable program, to be sure, but how will it be carried into effect? If I understand Mr. Guérard well, he wishes to see full powers given to a President elected by the people and controlled by a Supreme Court from the point of view of the constitutionality of his actions. Nine other Old Men, called Tribunes, would have the right to veto the decisions of the President. In case of a conflict one might have recourse to a referendum.

I do not say this would be a bad constitution. As a matter of fact, if you substitute a First Consul for the President (which after all is purely a question of words) Professor Guérard's outline reminds the reader of one of the numerous constitutions invented by Abbé Sieyès. Professor Guérard is Abbé Sieyès *redivivus*. I am paying him a handsome compliment. Abbé Sieyès was a very remarkable man and he had brilliant ideas. The only trouble was that they were ideas, not products of experience, and that they seldom worked. Would Professor Guérard's constitution work and guarantee to Frenchmen the essential freedoms? It is very difficult to foresee. Might not his all-powerful President pack the Supreme Court and the Tribunate? The First Consul managed to make himself an Emperor.

Mr. Guérard puts his trust in public opinion. Could not a despotically-minded President manipulate public opinion and get the sort of referendum he wants? The answer is at least doubtful. Solon, when he was asked: "Which is the best constitution?" always answered with a question: "For which nation and at what moment?" Political institutions are not absolute truths; they are practical recipes that have been tried and found useful.

For Europe, Professor Guérard advocates a federation. He may be right, but here again he relies too much on pure reason. In order not to hurt the feelings of the Germans, he would be ready to divide France also into smaller units. I must confess that I disagree. The difference is that Germany was, until quite recently, made of several states while France has been unified for several centuries. The United States, the Swiss cantons, form two very successful federations because they were born as Federations. Mr. Guérard would even create, for the federation, an artificial language, which would not be Esperanto, but a sort of decadent Latin. Like many of Professor Guérard's ideas, it is a stimulating and startling idea.

But it is only an idea.



—*From "All Have Loved Thee: A Song of France."*

Literary Excursions

AMERICAN PILGRIMAGE. Ted Malone. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1942. 270 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN T. WINTERICH

TED MALONE was born Frank Alden Russell. He began his radio career in Kansas City, and a literary program, "Between the Bookends," was soon assigned him. Regarding poetry as "sissy stuff," he objected to broadcasting it in his own name. He that came to scoff remained to pray, to become a devotee and an enthusiast. He sentimentalized his broadcasts by setting up his microphone in shrines dedicated to the memories of his subjects—Poe's cottage at Fordham, the Longfellow home at Cambridge, the House of the Seven Gables. He smote the iron knocker on the Noah Webster home in West Hartford and charmed housewives and barbers in California. At Cambridge the sound effect was provided by the ticking of the Old Clock on the Stairs. "A responsible group in Salem" (not, by any chance, the Chamber of Commerce?) requested him not to mention witches. The papers that make up "American Pilgrimage" are not the broadcasts. They are excellent little biographical and character sketches, not particularly critical, but thoroughly enjoyable, even if one is already reasonably familiar with the books and personalities cussed.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Russian Round-Up

MOSCOW WAR DIARY. By Alexander Werth. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1942. 297 *pp.* $3.

ALL-OUT ON THE ROAD TO SMOLENSK. By Erskine Caldwell. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1942. 230 *pp.* $2.50.

THE VOICE OF FIGHTING RUSSIA. Edited by Lucien Zacharoff. New York: The Alliance Press. 1942. 336 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by MARK GAYN

FEW correspondents have gone to Russia with a happier background than Alexander Werth. Born in St. Petersburg of an English mother and a Russian father, he had lived in Russia until his seventeenth year. When he left his homeland in 1917, he had already acquired a grounding in Russian psychology, language, and arts that could not be stifled by his subsequent twenty-four years in England and France.

Another happy circumstance was his continued love for his first fatherland. Though his father was a *boorzhooi* and though he himself had gone to a German school in St. Petersburg where one of his schoolmates was Alfred Rosenberg (today Hitler's favorite philosopher of hate), Werth continued to regard Russia with sympathy, tolerance, and understanding.

These two factors—the Russian background and the sympathy for Russia—have enabled him to see facets of life closed to almost all other foreign newspapermen. Werth could understand the bases of the hatred the Russian man-in-the-street bore for the Germans, the reasons for his devotion to Stalin, the reactions of the average Russian to peril, art, prices, material shortages, love, and propaganda.

Werth's is largely the story of the common Russian at war. He makes few attempts to analyze the various aspects of the Soviet regime. He reveals no startling political secrets. Apart from a few complimentary paragraphs about Stalin, he draws no portraits of Soviet leaders. What he has is a genuine diary, in which he has jotted down his day-by-day impressions and notes of his encounters with Soviet men and life.

This diary may lack depth. It abounds in honesty, in a sincere endeavor to understand what makes the Russians tick, in a warm appreciation of their heroism and their deep desire for peace. Because Werth's book is a diary, comparisons are unavoidable with the two other outstanding diaries of the season—William Shirer's "Berlin Diary" and Joseph Davies's "Mis-

"The most gifted of living U.S. writers."—*Time*

SEVEN NEW TALES BY

William Faulkner

GO DOWN, MOSES

➡ NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW: "The entire book—and it should be read as a book and not as a mere selection of stories—is proof that Faulkner's early promise has matured and that he is one of the few writers of our day who deserves increasing respect and admiration . . . His gifts invite comparison with *Herman Melville* and *Nathaniel Hawthorne*."

$2.50. A RANDOM HOUSE BOOK

The new #1 bestseller
(NON-FICTION)

THE LAST TIME I SAW PARIS

BY ELLIOT PAUL

421 PAGES, $2.75, A RANDOM HOUSE HIT

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sion to Moscow." Werth's book lacks the historical backbone of the former and the political shrewdness of the latter. But it is more earthy, warm—and interesting—than either one of these.

Scattered through the book there are hundreds of little gems of information and impression. The Kremlin, he reports, is camouflaged with large splashes of black and yellow, and big canvases—with small houses and windows painted on them with fireproof paint. At the famous Malyi (Little) Theater, old stage scenery of Ostrovsky's "Forest" is used for camouflage. Whenever there is a night raid, Werth recalls the Japanese journalists leave Moscow for the country. "Inside knowledge?" A fact not yet well known: a thousand Soviet planes were destroyed on the ground in the initial German surprise attack on Russia.

With a nice touch of irony Werth reports the arrival of Ralph Ingersoll in Moscow:

> Storm in the journalistic tea-cup. Ralph Ingersoll has been here a fortnight or more, and he is determined to see Stalin. He has been pestering the life out of the American Embassy, bothering Ambassador Steinhard, spending a fortune on urgent cables to Sumner Welles, and Oumansky, and, for all one knows, to Roosevelt himself. The line he takes is that, since he specially travelled nearly round the world to see Stalin and to get an interview from him for his New York paper (*PM*, I believe, is its name), it would be *very wrong* of Stalin not to see him. . . . To millions of Russians this war is a matter of life and death; but to Mr. Ingersoll it's an opportunity for a scoop. . . .

But not all is in this light vein. What is it, Werth asks himself, that makes the Russians fight like this? And his answer, is:

> They are defending *something*, their country, their regime, which whatever one may say, are all part of the same thing. There is no longer a dividing line between "Soviet" and "Russia." Even the old people have accepted it, have become reconciled to it, especially since it has become a *national* regime. And though it is ruthless in some ways, even the most critically minded feel that, at least *potentially*, it is a good regime, with the Stalin Constitution as a basis for the future.

This view may be disputed by many readers, but none will deny at least the partial truth of Werth's argument that war has bridged the once tremendous gap between the internationally-minded Sovietism and Russia's nationalism. There may be less readiness to accept Werth's belief that the social regimes of both Russia and England may, as the result of the war, become very similar in many aspects, and that "perhaps the real difficulty will be America, which may, for a long time, still persist in being stubbornly capitalist." To me, the war-rooted social and political changes in both Russia and England are superficial and opportunist. Stalin can think warmly of capitalism no more than Churchill can harbor love for socialism. Nor are the differences between the American and the British forms of government and economy as sharp as Mr. Werth suggests.

For such provocative ideas—and even more for its keen and sympathetic report on the Russians at war—Werth's diary is warmly recommended. It will endow the events of yesterday, today, and tomorrow with a new and fuller meaning.

Erskine Caldwell's "All-Out on the Road to Smolensk" is a book after a similar pattern. It also deals with the man-in-the-street and the man-in-the-battlefield. It is also sympathetic towards Russia and pregnant with faith in Russia's victory. Its pace is swift and its tale enthralling.

But the book has also some shortcomings. It is often repetitious. It frequently conveys Soviet claims and propaganda tales—such as are disseminated in any country in wartime—as unvarnished truth. It makes no attempt to interpret; it merely reports.

What the Russians themselves say of their war is shown in the bulky "The Voice of Fighting Russia," edited by Lucien Zacharoff. The jacket blurb recommends the book in these words: "Statesmen like Premier Stalin, men of letters like Alexei Tolstoy, Mikhail Sholokhoff, and others; commanders and soldiers of the Red Army, Navy and Air Force; men and women grimly scorching their beloved earth—these are the collective author of this ringing report from the battlefront."

The book is a faithful transcription of the speeches, interviews, and articles by Russians for Russian consumption. Because our standards of propaganda and credulity are different from Russia's, the book is difficult to assess. Admiration and sympathy for Russia alone would not help one to read this book from cover to cover; one must also utterly lack in humor and critical facility.

The book could have been immeasurably more valuable—and readable—had lush passages been weeded out, scores of almost identical incidents eliminated, and the soap-box atmosphere cleared. Lucien Zacharoff has completely ignored the differences between the Russian and American temperaments, environments and susceptibility to various types of appeals. In its present form, the book, at best, is a case study of Soviet war propaganda. It could have been a powerful and moving document.

TOWARD THE FOUR FREEDOMS

(*Continued from page* 4)

that which would lower costs and increase income. This bank, organized at the instigation of AE, became of itself the oppressor of those whom it was supposed to liberate. The gombeen men who held power in it were able to fix prices, control trading, borrowing, and lending. They were able to mobilize the police and the priests against the farmers trying to get farm material at less cost. They were dead set against the formation of a consumer coöperative. The meeting which Paddy and his wife called was attended by two hundred, but only fourteen dared to join up. The others were in debt and afraid, or had other interests at stake.

The fourteen made a buying club which at last had to turn to the Scottish Wholesale for support. Its life and the life of the Society into which it developed was a constant warfare between peasant consumers of the countryside and the traders and bankers and their ecclesiastical and political flunkies of the towns. Their coöperative was denounced as a "foreign evil." Its members were spied upon; their organization was libelled; false charges were levelled against the members. Paddy himself, from beginning to end the leader, was jailed. Violence was always imminent, sometimes actual. In spite of the war against it, indeed not a little because of it, the Templecrone Society lived and grew. It added handicraft production and transport to distribution and Paddy prints AE's testimony as to how faithfully, how firmly it brought the Four Freedoms to those poorest of poor Irishmen.

TO me, the entire meaning of this simple, heroic life story of a poor, honest, uneducated, unsophisticated peasant is the way in which the association of people under Rochdale rules on consumer terms dissolves the coercions of earning a living into the liberties of living a life; the way it lifts the tasks of the worker from the level of servile means to the dignity of liberal and liberating ends. The work of Father Jimmy Tompkins and Father Michael Coady and Mary Arnold among the miners and fishermen of Nova Scotia, and again the work of Mary Arnold among the lobstermen of our Maine coast repeat, each in its own way, this tale of Paddy the Cope. This transvaluation of the producer into the consumer psyche seems to me the revolutionary contribution of the Rochdale coöperative to the liberation of human life, and I should not be surprised

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

if future historians held the rules of Rochdale a more momentous forwarding of freedom than Magna Carta.

For those rules define the economic organization of liberty: addressing themselves to freedom from want, they postulate the operation and consummation of the other three freedoms. The record, alike in England, on the continent, and elsewhere in the world, shows that Rochdale coöperatives work their way through the business cycles of peace-time, the distortions and scarcities of wartimes, more stably, more evenly than any other form of economic organization; that during the First World War they served as a check on inflation and at some points as a preventive. The record also shows that governments, parties, churches everywhere are aware of the coöperative potential, in some instances seeking their voluntary collaboration, in others diverting them from their true functions and degrading them into tools of policy. When this happens, as was the case in Austria, in Poland, and others of the Slavic countries, the cooperative psyche is dissipated, its morale destroyed; or as in China, inhibited from developing. With its organization based on open membership, democratic government, limited interest on capital, and a return to the purchaser of the difference between cost and price, the coöperative is allergic to external pressures and irreconcilable with totalitarianism.

When allowed to survive or perish on its merits, consumer coöperation is the one form of collective liberty which can develop and continuously sustain the necessary teamplay of the need for "butter" and the need for "cannon"; for it alone can harmonize from within the inflationary money-competition for goods, and by self-management, self-regulation, and helf-help obviate the need for Price Administrations and other forms of police magic.

Unfortunately the coöperative movement is neither large enough nor rich enough in the United States; on the continent of Europe it is under the heel of the obscene Nazi oppressor; in India it is the beginning of a beginning, in China it is aborted and frustrated by governmental niggardliness combined with paternalism and red tape. Yet the wisest thing that the United Nations could do, both to speed the war to victory and to prepare and ease the way to a peace implementing the Four Freedoms, is to encourage the formation of coöperatives whereever their mandate reaches. In the armies, where the pooling of the miserly pay of the soldiers in credit unions would bring each more for his money than he could get by himself. Among the civilian workers, the peasants, the farmers, the clerks, the factory-hands, among whom the coöperative technique would not only check inflation, develop the discipline and doctrine of self-help and self-management in a free economy, but draw the spending on "cannon" into the pattern of consumer spending and consumer gratification as well as of defense against the treacherous aggressor. As against the "sacrifice" men are asked to make, it would bring home to every hearth, in specific and concrete form, the enrichments of freedom which our side in this world-wide civil war aims to establish, to preserve, and to extend.

FUNDAMENTALLY, the coöperative organization can serve not only as the free man's instrument in warfare, it can serve as the "grass-roots" implementation of the free man's peace. When the victory is won, there will be millions of uprooted, homeless human beings to care for, to settle, to rehabilitate in health, in hope, in self-dependence, and self-respect. On its record, the consumer coöperative technique is the simplest, surest way to attempt this. Whatever survives of cooperative skill and coöperative power can be mobilized and set to work; where none survives, men and women trained elsewhere can be sent in. Rehabilitation can be thus initiated and carried through at a minimum of economic cost and a maximum of profit in terms of human life. The same would hold for demobilized soldiers, for farmers, for craftsmen, for wage-earners employed on the inevitable public works of restoration. For all of them, the conversion of money-wages into real wages in terms of food, clothing, shelter, protection against disease and crime, by means of the credit union, the coöperative store, the coöperative cartel and marketing-society would serve as a counter alike to the profiteering private trader and to debilitating government management, while providing a discipline in the democratic way of life, labor, and thought for both war and peace. The neighborhood units could be confederated into regional wholesales and unions, the regional into national and the national into world-wide alliances, through which they could pool their financial resources and keep up a continuous free trade of skills, knowledges, goods, and services. The cadres of such a world-wide economic collaboration of free men existed and were growing in the free countries before the war. One of the war tasks of the coöperative movement is to think out in detail how they may be filled and employed to win the war, and adapted to assure the peace. Its other task is to communicate this knowledge as a fighting faith to the peoples and the governments of the United Nations—the faith that the economy of consumer coöperation, based upon management by, of, and for the forgotten men of the world, can build the four freedoms into the structure of lasting peace.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. King Bruce of Scotland as the spider finally anchors the web.
2. Meddlesome Matty opens the snuff-box.
3. The Pussycat woos the Owl.
4. The Skeleton in Armor concludes his tale.
5. Darius Green plans to try out his flying machine.
6. Young Lochinvar flees with his bride.
7. Little Boy Blue as he toddles off to his trundle bed.
8. The Walrus about to feast on the oysters.
9. The Pied Piper to the council of Hamelin.
10. Bozzaris cheers his band.
11. The old sailor warns the captain of the Hesperus.
12. Columbus to his mate on the voyage to America.

A COOPERATIVE FOR READERS

IF you believe in the FOUR FREEDOMS in a world of free men . . .

IF you believe that a democracy should be self educated . . .

You will be interested in the Consumers' Book Cooperative and in its current choice, **PADDY THE COPE.**

Owned and operated by its members, the Book Cooperative has brought an efficient book service to scores of communities where no other book outlet existed.

A FREE digest of book news keeps you posted on the many fine new books.

Its optional book selection service offers some of the best non-fiction at a saving of one-third. **PADDY THE COPE** can be had on this plan for $1.67.

Write for information

Consumers' Book Cooperative

27 Coenties Slip • New York City

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Eastern Europe

TORNADO ACROSS EASTERN EUROPE. By Josef Hanc. New York: The Greystone Press. 1942. 377 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HENRY B. KRANZ

JOSEF HANC, Czech historian and diplomat, now lecturer at the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy, has for many years studied Central European and Balkan problems. His book is a valuable survey of Eastern European history from 1918 to recent days.

After describing the land and the peoples in Central and Eastern Europe in their historical, economic, and geographic importance to world problems and modern history Mr. Hanc gives a vivid account of the birth of the Little Entente, of the various rivalries of the small independent states and their more powerful protectors, France and England. He believes it was rather the political weakness of these two powers than the hesitancy and shortsightedness of states like Czechoslovakia, Rumania, or Austria that led to the following years of crisis in Europe. The world slump, the revolution in Germany, and the return of the Soviets is told in brief to show how appeasement leading to war ultimately contributed its share to make Eastern Europe ripe for the Nazi tornado.

The military conflict between Germany and Poland, the Soviet counterfriction, Nazi pressure on Rumania, Greece, Yugoslavia, and Turkey as well as the recent German invasions in Europe are told with restraint and only as much conclusive interpretation as can be given by an honest historian in times which hardly permit final judgment.

The last and personal part of Mr. Hanc's always interesting book is devoted to the future of Eastern Europe. Here the author emphasizes that "nowhere is victory over the Axis hoped for more wholesouledly than in Eastern Europe," since all the smaller nations of the zone would lose their freedom and be literally suppressed. The suicide of the Hungarian Premier Count Teleki and the recent resignation of his successor Bardossy seem to strengthen Mr. Hanc's belief that even Hungary might not full-heartedly be on Hitler's side. The participation of Russia in the war means her participation in the peace settlement which might change those British isolationist ideas that contributed to Hitler's expansion in Europe. The Governments in Exile, their formation and politics reveal the spirit of defiance.

The process of cleansing the occupied countries of the Nazi surface might be less difficult than it seems, the author thinks. If Great Britain, the Soviet Union, and the United States come to a unity of views as to the organization of Eastern Europe all barriers between the East and the West might fall. For that purpose all important routes of communication inside and outside that zone should be united under international control. The German voice "will and must be heard at the councils of Europe" but it must not be the voice of militarism.

Mr. Hanc also believes in the possibility of a union of all nations wedged between Germany, Russia and Italy as soon as a common interest is realized there. The experiences with the excellent development of the Swiss Federation might furnish some guidance.

"Tornado across Eastern Europe" is a sane and honest account of most timely history and as such will be welcomed by all students of our day. It helps us to understand the dreams and efforts of the Eastern European nations and why their tragedy has become vital to our continent.

Blood on Her Shoe

By

MEDORA FIELD

As in her brilliantly successful, "Who Killed Aunt Maggie?", Miss Field stages her new mystery at a house party in an ante-bellum plantation mansion. This time the house is on one of the historic Sea Islands off the Georgia coast and the traditional ghost of the neighborhood "walks" with bloody result. Each of the guests detested glamorous Sylvia Scott and the Spanish dagger was handy to any one of them. Who dunnit?

$2.00 ***MACMILLAN***

Send GOOD books to the Victory Book Campaign, Saturday Review Family, 25 W. 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

The Naval Profession

ANNAPOLIS: Gangway to the Quarterdeck. By Captain W. D. Puleston. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. 1942. 217 *pp., and appendices, glossary, and index.* $3.

Reviewed by PAUL SCHUBERT

IT is one of the ironies of modern civilization that the pathway to a military or naval career is planned with so much greater directness and intelligence than, let us say, the pathway to being a novelist or even to being a research worker or any one of a dozen important creative professions. The school system of the United States Navy, for instance, like that of the Army, requires for entry into a lifetime of planned education only that a boy be sound of wind and limb, sterling in character, and of good intellectual capacities—in other words, that he have the fundamental requisites for success in any walk of life. The amount of money that he needs is so small that it is within the horizon of any citizen. At any time between his seventeenth and his twenty-first year, having complied with the necessary proofs of fitness, he enters the educational portals, and thereafter, if he applies himself and manifests no spot of softness either in physique or personality, he moves for the rest of his life up a carefully evolved ladder of instruction and experience, through a sequence of undergraduate and postgraduate schooling which gives precisely the information he needs at just the time he needs it. Between periods of schooling he applies his knowledge in the practical exercise of his profession. None of the schooling costs him money, since he is paid on the assumption that his study is useful work. He receives instruction merely by proving that he deserves it—and by returning the "investment" in him in those crucial moments when the country is put to the crucial test of war.

The profession of arms is so complex, in its present form, that with all

Third Annual

WRITERS' CONFERENCE

INDIANA UNIVERSITY

Bloomington, June 22-27, 1942

Workshops and Lectures

Carl Carmer.....Non-Fiction
Katherine Anne Porter.....Fiction
John Crowe Ransom.....Poetry

Additional Lecturers

David Daiches, John T. Frederick, Jeannette Covert Nolan

Workshops (for consideration of students' manuscripts) will meet once each day. Scholarships and prizes will be awarded. Daily lectures open to auditors.

For particulars, write to

Ralph L. Collins, Director
Indiana University Writers' Conference
Bloomington, Indiana

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

due respect to the wartime injection of amateur brains, only the professional who has made a lifetime study of the art of war is able to master and direct the weapons of war.

The United States Naval Academy, the Navy's basic school for officers, has evolved with the profession. The advent of steam engineering, of electricity, of higher mechanics, of the internal combustion engine and the airplane and the submarine—all these things have helped convert a school for seamen and navigators into an advanced technical school. The combination of intellectual and military discipline imposed upon almost a century's classes of youngsters, has created an academic tradition superimposed upon the earlier tradition of the midshipman as a devil-may-care but expert fighting man, as ready for a duel as for a battle.

Behind the long, blue-clad ranks is the color of youthful yearning for the sea, and the pride of an integrity which can only be called absolute—so absolute that the pranks of "hazing" and the occasional moral dishonesty of "gouging" at examinations stand out as major crimes. More than 15,000 men have graduated from the United States Naval Academy. They have not only officered our fleet, but in civil life have risen to the peak of many professions.

Captain Puleston writes affectionately and competently the history and the description of the Academy, a well done book that can only fill its readers with pride for their country's accomplishment in naval education. The pages are a fortunate blend of the inflexibility that is a part of the military, and the salt humor that is so essentially naval. This book belongs in all our libraries, and on the shelves of all those interested in the Navy. It will gladden the heart of any young man who dreams of "entering" or who is now a midshipman—and of any oldster still capable of reacting to words like "plebe," "scuttlebutt" and "savoir."

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE CASE OF THE SEVEN SNEEZES *Anthony Boucher* (Simon & Schuster: $2.)	Quarter-century old murder and contemporary crimes solved by investigator O'Breen during spooky sojourn on California islet.	Super-tense affair with cast of high-strung characters, allergic sleuth, and some startling abnormal behavior on distaff side.	Pungent
WHEN LAST I DIED *Gladys Mitchell* (Knopf: $2.)	Disappearance of two boys from English institution gives first scent of murder to aged but indefatigable Mrs. Bradley.	Compactly built, frequently hair-raising, and brilliantly written tale of implacable investigator and slippery slayer.	Top grade
THE CASE OF THE SHIVERING CHORUS GIRLS *James Atlee Phillips* (Coward-McCann: $2.)	Night club juggler slain on stage, chorine also mysteriously murdered. Blind detective and peripatetic henchmen solve case.	Glittery and cleverly plotted yarn of life and death in nocturnal Manhattan. Detective interesting and stooges good fun.	Fast and feverish
CENTER OF THE WEB *Katharine Roberts* (Crime Club: $2.)	English agent cops German spy's identity and gains confidence of Fraülein Doktor, Nazi intelligence queen in Belgium.	Suspense every moment in thrilling yarn of fight against German efforts to root out Belgian patriots. Finish highly satisfactory.	Bang-up thriller
THE CORPSE WITH THE EERIE EYE *R. A. J. Walling* (Morrow: $2.)	Mysterious newcomer to English village found dead on downs, and Mr. Tolefree finds that death ends one job but starts another.	Intricately plotted and logically solved mixture of blackmail and murder with killer kept well under cover until end.	Typical Tolefree
AND LET THE COFFIN PASS *Kieran Abbey* (Scribner's: $2.)	Sanatorium owner, physician, in northern Vermont, crashed in plane under suspicious circumstances. His niece and heiress nicely untangles the knot.	Good but very winding story wherein one slightly suspicious murder leads to more, to disappearance of defaulting brokers, and finally to a lair of international spy smugglers.	Deft

Medical Journey

TIME AND THE PHYSICIAN. By Lewellys F. Barker. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1942. 336 *pp. and index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH

FROM the day of its opening in 1889 the Johns Hopkins Hospital proved an irresistible magnet to aspiring young doctors. New life had been injected into medical education, and to many a Candian and American alike Baltimore became the new Esculapian shrine whose high priests were the "Big Four," Osler, Welch, Halstead, and Kelly. Among the lured Canadians was a young Quaker, Lewellys Barker. In 1891, his internship at the Toronto General Hospital completed, his greatest desire was for graduate work with the already famous William Osler. He went to Baltimore. In lieu of money he had personality, charm, and a Quaker respect for and willingness to work. Sixteen years later he succeeded his great "Chief" as head of the department of medicine of the Johns Hopkins Medical School and for more than fifty years he has been associated with that institution. Now at seventy-five, serene and detached as always, Dr. Barker settles in his armchair and quietly reviews the road which brought him from the sawmill and farm of a small Canadian community to the honored position of Professor Emeritus of his beloved Hopkins.

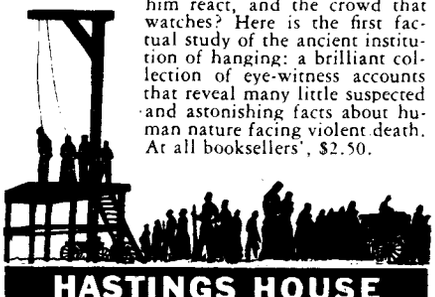
Inevitably the story is concerned largely with the experiences and

BY THE NECK

A BOOK OF HANGINGS BY AUGUST MENCKEN

Introduction by H. L. Mencken

WHAT does a man think—how does he act—when he faces death by hanging? And, equally important—how do the officers who kill him react, and the crowd that watches? Here is the first factual study of the ancient institution of hanging: a brilliant collection of eye-witness accounts that reveal many little suspected and astonishing facts about human nature facing violent death. At all booksellers', $2.50.



HASTINGS HOUSE
Publishers, New York

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

friends of those fifty years. But there were interludes when he went to the great medical centers of Europe, to the Philippines on a medical commission, to India where he viewed the ravages of the plague, and there were five years when he taught anatomy and pathology at Rush Medical School in Chicago. He is generous in his praise of his associates and his students, and with painstaking care he includes many names whose owners will doubtless be gratified but which may mean little to the general reader.

There are no fireworks in this autobiography, no dramatic tales of famous patients, no sex, no diagrams of his unique contributions. Rather it is the carefully and quietly told life-story of a distinguished gentleman whose years were rich in accomplishment and honors but whose Quaker blood permits no dramatizing of either and little personal revelation.

Edwin Grabhorn and Robert Grabhorn, the two designer-printer brothers whose Grabhorn Press in San Francisco is world-famed, have each received the Medal of Award of the American Institute of Graphic Arts.

PUBLISHED TODAY

A new novel by

Ursula Parrott

The provocative story of a girl whose successful novel did strange things to her life as a woman.

ONE MORE SUCH VICTORY

$2.00 SMITH & DURRELL

DEMOCRACY'S ARSENAL

(*Continued from page* 9)

responsibilities of single and specific men with single and specific duties. And to translate those specific duties into specific action.

The book-trade has its share of the responsibility which we all must carry, and the book-trade, as much as the motion picture industry—as much as the writers and the librarians and the rest—and for very similar reasons, must accept its share of blame. The philosophy of distribution adopted during the twenties and the thirties by the book-trade had much the same effect upon the sale of books as the philosophy of distribution adopted by the motion picture industry had upon the output of motion pictures. The book-trade also—though not so explicitly and not so audibly—insisted that it was merely engaged in selling merchandise the people wanted. Books, in the last century and the century before, were sold by men who knew them not as packages but as books—men who had, and were entitled to have, opinions about the content and the value of the books they sold—men whose customers came to them, not to learn how many copies of a given novel had been sold before, but to talk about the novel itself—the innards of the novel—the quality of the book.

The tragedy was not so much the trend away from the old-style bookshop—though the trend away from it was sad enough. The tragedy was the decay of a function—a necessary function—a function essential to the dissemination of ideas in books. Books—true books—do not sell themselves. There is nothing about the externals of a true book, not even the most persuasive jacket, to make the readers who should read it want to take it home. True books are sold by the enthusiasm of those who know them and respect them. And that enthusiasm must express itself by word of mouth to count. The most eloquent review by the most esteemed reviewer will do little enough unless reader talks to reader. And of all possible readers, the bookseller who knows his books and knows his customers is the most persuasive talker. Without him the book-trade becomes a trade indeed—a trade as impersonal as the trade in soap and soup—a trade of which the only voice is the full-page advertisement and the only measure the dollar-volume of commercial sales.

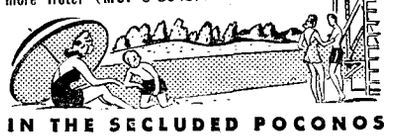
Books were never more important to this country than they are today. The questions which must be decided, the issues which must be resolved, are, many of them, questions and issues which only books can properly present. The profoundly searching questions, for example, of the order and form of the post-war world are questions for which books and books alone provide an adequate forum. And the basic questions—the insistent question—of the true nature of the time in which we live is a question which demands the space and confines of a book. This time has not yet been discovered by the men and women who inhabit it and only the voyages of the most courageous books will show us what it is.

For many months, therefore—perhaps for many years—books will play a tremendously important, a deeply serious, role in the shaping of our history. And not alone the books of economic and political theory. Now as never before in centuries, the true labor of the art of words becomes an essential labor—the labor of the poet who holds experience before us in such a light, in such a posture, that the shape and meaning become visible and ardent—the labor of the novelist who reduces to order and to pattern the confusion and the incoherence of our lives.

I am not prophet, but if I were obliged to guess I should guess that the months immediately ahead will see a reversal of the tendency of the twenty years before and a resumption by the book-trade of the position of high responsibility and professional authority it once occupied and occupied so well. If that happens—and it is for you to say whether it is to happen or not, for the people need it and the country hopes for it and the choice is yours—if that happens there will follow, I believe, an increase in the power and the influence of printed books such as this country has not seen before. If the coarse and brutal high school boys who made the Nazi bonfire could understand the power of a free man's books well enough to burn them, we in this country can understand the power of these books well enough to honor them and treat them as the things they are—the strongest and the most enduring weapons in our fight to make the world a world in which the free can live in freedom.

SKYTOP

Enjoy that change, rest and recreation you need, at SKYTOP, social mountain club. All sports. Non-members may consult their travel agent, or address Skytop Club, Skytop, Pa. Illustrated brochure S.R. on request. N. Y. Information Office, Biltmore Hotel (MU. 6-8648).



IN THE SECLUDED POCONOS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Phoenix Nest

HAVING recently spoken to the Third Class at the U. S. Military Academy at West Point on the subject of American Poetry, the Phoenician has been musing upon the relationship between poetry and the military life, since the latter is so engaging almost everybody's thoughts at the present time. This brings to mind a remarkable military correspondence that occurred some thirty-five years ago, copies of the documents being in our possession. Naturally we are not at liberty to reveal any names, but it ran somewhat as follows:

The Chief of Ordnance, U.S.A.,
Washington, D. C.

Sir:

1. William K——, First Class Private of Ordnance, at this Post, is in a nervous mental condition due to an unrequited love affair with one of the maids on the Post. He has been an excellent soldier, is not dissipated, and has given no trouble up to the present time. His conduct has been such that I feel inclined to deal leniently with him, and believe that if he were transferred to another Post, where he would be relieved of the disturbing cause of his nervous condition, he would be all right.

2. I have the honor, therefore, to recommend his transfer to some other Arsenal.

Respectfully,

————,
Commanding.

1st Endorsement.
Office of the Chief of Ordnance,
Washington, ———.

Respectfully referred to the Surgeon General with request that he will kindly give an opinion as to the probable effect of a change of station upon the mental condition of a soldier suffering from the complaint within mentioned.

————,
Chief of Ordnance.

2nd Endorsement.
Office of the Surgeon General,
Washington, ———.

Respectfully returned to the Chief of Ordnance, War Department, Washington, D. C.

In the opinion of this office a change of station will have a beneficial effect upon the mental condition of the soldier.

————,
Surgeon General.

Memorandum:

The Surgeon General appreciates the compliment paid him by the Chief of Ordnance and gives as his opinion that the proposed remedy is worth trying.

It is quite sure to make matters better or worse. The weight of authority among English poets—so far as known to this office—is against the measure being effective, as witness the following quotations:

Absence makes the heart grow fonder.

'Tis said that absence conquers love;
But Oh! believe it not.

Personal observation is opposed to this view. The chances are that removal from the proximity of the object of his passion will be followed by an aggravation of the symptoms, but this will be ephemeral and will be succeeded by philosophic indifference.

All of which only goes to show that the military are considerably up on these matters. They have no illusions!

Place-Names

We have always liked a poem by a near relative of ours, which deals with "American Names," such as Carquinez Straits, Lundy's Lane, Medicine Hat, and Wounded Knee; but the other day, in an old scrap-book, we came across a "Ballad of Place-Names" by one C. L. G., which develops the general theme, and which we believe is not widely known. Perhaps some one can

Coming

IN EARLY ISSUES OF THE NATION

Louis Fischer in India *The Nation's* chief European correspondent and author of "Men and Politics" and "Dawn of Victory", is off to the front again. This time his destination is India. During his three-months' stay Mr. Fischer plans to interview outstanding Indian leaders—Nehru, Gandhi, and others. In his on-the-spot reports he will analyze Indian strategy and politics as the Nazi and Japanese drives head for a junction in India. He will also keep a close watch on Anglo-Indian relations, perhaps the most crucial problem of the coming months.

Latin American Arsenal In a series of articles on America South, Dr. Hugo Fernandez Artucio discusses the strategic necessity of developing Latin American products to offset the loss of essential war materials through the Japanese successes in the Pacific. He shows how many of these materials are available in this hemisphere and points to the steps America must take—politically, militarily, and economically—to protect these resources against the Axis menace and insure their flow in ever-increasing quantities to the United States and the United Nations.

Keep Them Out! *The Nation* also announces a series of articles about the defeatists and obstructionists who are working overtime to capture Congressional seats in the November elections. Among the candidates whose records will be examined are C. Wayland Brooks (R., Ill.), Stephen A. Day (R., Ill.), Hamilton Fish (R., N. Y.), Jacob Thorkelson (R., Mont.), Gerald B. Winrod (Kansas), Martin L. Sweeney (D., Ohio), William B. Barry (D., N. Y.). Read these documented articles. They will reveal many new facts as well as the voting records, affiliations, and public utterances of men about whom all good defenders of democracy must say—Keep Them Out!

Regular Features In addition to these features and others still in the planning, you will enjoy *The Nation's* regular weekly departments: editorial highlights on the week's news—ace reporting from the capital by *The Nation's* Washington correspondent—survey of the financial and economic week—critical comments on books—art—drama—music—films. Make the acquaintance of these regular departments in *The Nation*—America's leading liberal weekly since 1865.

TRIAL OFFER

FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS ONLY

13 WEEKS FOR $1
REGULARLY $5 A YEAR

THE NATION • 55 Fifth Ave. • New York

I want to take advantage of your introductory offer to new readers. Please send *The Nation* to me for the next 13 weeks. I inclose $1.00.

Name .....

Street .....

City .....State.....

SR

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

supply the full name from the author's initials. A bit of the ballad goes as follows:

Therefore shall I prefer to Arno
Caerleon-on-Usk or Carno;
And ere exploring tracts Apulian
Hie me to Meldreth and Luxulyan,
Or spend a quiet hour or more
At Ambergate or Appledore;
Or watch by night the wizard moon
Shine down upon the Crook of Lune;
Or follow on their liquid road
The Windrush and the Evenlode.

Another day I'll make my goal
Cressage or Garth or Delabole,
Or scale the summit of Mount Brandon,
Or listen to the bells of Shandon,
Or trace the Waveney to its springs
Or boldly call on Seven Kings,
Or track the windings of the Bure,
Or take the air in Glenmalure.

That's only a slight part of it, but what little reader can furnish the location of those pleasant-sounding places and rivers? We know only a few.

Pope on Horseback

You probably remember the ride Alexander Pope once took with old Lintot. Poet and bookseller dismounted to sit under the shade of some spreading trees. Lintot began to read in a copy of Horace he pulled from his pocket, and asked Pope why he didn't indite an ode, before they remounted. Pope replied, "Perhaps I may, if we ride on; the motion is an aid to my fancy. A round trot very much awakens my spirits. Jog on apace and I'll think as hard as I can!" They remounted and pursued their way. But after a great while Lintot could restrain himself no longer and burst out, "Well, Sir! How far have you gone?"

Pope merely replied calmly, "Seven miles!"

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

TRADE WINDS

REPORT TO MY CONSTITUENTS:

WELL, friends, I've lasted on this job now for twelve consecutive columns, and I understand that on the day the tenth one appeared, considerable sums of money changed hands! It should be obvious that I have been having the time of my life. I refer to myself these days as a columnist rather than a book publisher and looked Clifton Fadiman straight in the eye the other day at lunch. I continue to read my rivals' output religiously, with a copying pencil close at hand. I observe the spectacle of Walter Winchell elevated from a gossip purveyor to a National Hero by the very enemies who are trying to destroy him. One way of estimating the true patriotism of the editors who use his column is to pin together a collection of his items that they refuse to print. He is doing a swell job! I read carefully the daily stint of Mr. Boake Carter, convinced that one fine day I will really understand what on earth he is talking about. I marvel at the wild predictions of Danton Walker, and his innocent self-congratulations when one out of every hundred, by the simple law of average, comes true. Lyons, Grafton, and Sokolsky give me pleasure each day. Perhaps my greatest favorite of all is the Saturday morning effusion of Lucius Beebe who writes so beautifully about a world that ceased to exist about 1912. A few dogged souls cling to the outer raiment and obsolete rituals of this lost tribe, and Mr. Beebe loyally continues as their official historian. For sheer literary style, he cannot be matched by another columnist in the business. There was a time when my great delight was to read Mr. Beebe's column to an ardent young editress on the *New Masses* staff. Call me if you need advice on apoplectic fits. I participate in every one of I.M.P.'S turns with a bookworm, and hope to meet the author for lunch some day in the Kremlin. I daresay she will find it as easily as the Sherry-Netherland. I read Parsons and Pegler, Thompson and Kilgallen, Pearson and Allen, Pratt and Eliot, Lippman and Krock. I even read Elsa Maxwell. The columnist is king in journalism today. People devour their outpourings until their brains and their feet go to sleep. No wonder they have so little time left to read good books!

* * *

SPEAKING OF LUCIUS BEEBE, he discovered recently something that a number of publishers have begun to suspect: that Jack and Charlie's famous restaurant "21" carries a more complete stock of books for sale than many a neighboring bookstore. "It is no secret," writes Mr. Beebe, "that the Kriendler Brothers have always had a latent admiration for literary folk. It is Madeline Carroll, Bruce Cabot, and the rest of the Hollywood contingent that keep the autograph brats hanging outside in Fifty-second Street, but the proprietors get their biggest lift from the arrival of Louis Bromfield, Ernest Hemingway, Kenneth Roberts, Budd Schulberg, Quentin Reynolds, or John O'Hara. They would scream in anguish if you whispered 'Mermaid Tavern' at them, but it is probable that more practising professional writers, including novelists, correspondents, reporters, columnists, critics, script writers, and playwrights eat and drink regularly at Jack and Charlie's than at Christ Cella's, the Lotus Club, and Bleeck's combined." Mr. Beebe takes it for granted that his readers will recognize the names of these haunts without further identification, so I'll take the same chance. At any rate, "21" likes to have on hand a half dozen copies or so of the latest book by every one of their regular patrons, and the lobby looks more like the Baker and Taylor stockroom every day.

On second thought, I can't pass over the name of Christ Cella's without one sentence about his superb steaks, the best I have ever found in a New York restaurant. Chris Morley, Jo Davidson, and George Bye were among his earliest patrons. They still swear by him. Cella's is on the south side of Forty-fifth Street, just east of Lexington

THE LITERARY PULSE . . .

Next Week:

THE REVOLUTION IN LEISURE
BY ELMER DAVIS

THE SATURDAY REVIEW of LITERATURE
25 West 45th Street, New York City

Please enter my subscription and send me a bill for:

☐ 1 YEAR—$4.00 ☐ 2 YEARS—$7.00

$1 Additional for Pan America or Abroad.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Avenue. It is expanded every six months or so, but it seems harder all the time to find a table. No advertising, no chi-chi, not even a neon sign, and far from cheap—but New Yorkers know a good thing when they find it! Try and get in some evening!

* * *

THE EPISODE in Ilka Chase's extremely amusing "Past Imperfect" that is quoted most frequently is her meeting with the venerable George Moore, who made a couple of snide remarks about Joseph Conrad . . . Lewis Gannett of the New York *Herald Tribune* and Joe Jackson of the San Francisco *Chronicle* had planned to trade jobs for a full month this summer, but war developments have necessitated a postponement of their program . . . In the lend-lease spirit of the times, Houghton Mifflin are permitting their good neighbors, Little, Brown, to publish Herbert Agar's next book . . . Kay Brush's new novel, "The Boy from Maine," is due on June 19. Ward Morehouse's "American Reveille: The United States at War," is scheduled for July 24. Another forthcoming volume is "The Problems of Lasting Peace" by Herbert Hoover and Hugh Gibson. Mr. Hoover was once the President of the United States . . .

The busy lads in the publishers' publicity departments continue to cast pearls. The prize of the current crop quotes the authors of a recent novel about the war to the effect that "the best place to smuggle money out of Germany today is behind the mirror in the washroom of a train." Somebody should tell this hopeful soul that in Germany today little Nazis learn to look behind train mirrors before they learn to wash behind the ears! Another gem is a comment attributed to Miss Rita Hayworth: "I have read 'Beatrice the Ballerina' several times and find it very enjoyable." That reminded me of the story told by Newman Levy, author of "Opera Guyed," about his thirteen-year-old daughter. "How did you enjoy the picture this afternoon?" he asked her one Saturday. "It was simply awful," she replied. "I could hardly sit through it the second time! . . . "

BENNETT CERF.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 425)

WILLIAM JAMES:
THE TRUE HARVARD
(from *Memories and Studies*)

There ought . . . to be some possible ground in reason for one's boiling over with joy that one is a son of Harvard. . . . But to be a college man in the mere clubhouse sense . . . affords no guarantee of real superiority in spiritual tone.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

TRISTE DE TROP ECOUTER parler le silence, Qui veut le rompre par de gais propos. Box 129-G.

"GREEN SHADOWS INN," Lyme, Connecticut. Open all year.

HOUSE FOR SMALL FAMILY on secluded wooded hilltop accessible without using car near Scarsdale. June 13th to October 12th. Four bedrooms, large screened-in porch. Charles B. Gulick, Jr., 320 Broadway, WOrth 2-2995.

OPPORTUNITY to budget-minded individual (male) share delightful apartment East 40's. Three exposures—sun roof. Box 128-G.

AS IMPERSONAL AS A HOTEL, as comfortable as home. Large, sunny, connecting bath. Only roomer. Gentleman preferred. References exchanged. West 54th Street, CIrcle 6-2569.

COTTAGE, view, outlook lake—to share—What have you? Box 115-G.

IN AN OLD FARMHOUSE on Cape Cod, a mile from the beaches of Massachusetts Bay, Mary Hoover Aiken and Conrad Aiken receive annually for summer instruction a very few people who are interested in painting or writing or both. The term: July 1st to September 1st. The terms: $375, inclusive. References are essential. For further particulars address Mrs. Conrad Aiken, Brewster, Massachusetts.

FARM SUMMER FOR YOUR CHILD. Hills of Dutchess County—woods, orchard, brook. Horses, cows, chickens, ponies, dogs and kittens. Children learn farming. Ages 8-14. Farmer and wife college graduates. Fast Haven Farm. Millerton, New York.

SACRIFICING, (no fooling), $15,000 private collection copper line engraving prints. All originals by Masters of Holland and Belgium prior 1674. Average size 12 by 16 inches, in 16 by 20 mounts. 50 prints $25 each. 100 at $10. Others to $750. Guaranteed. Notarized statement. Satisfaction or your money back. (Or else, "Hello, Warden.") Scott Boggess, 620 Court Building, Evansville, Indiana.

SEAL AND PORPOISE LODGE, on Mac Mahan Island, Maine; for discriminating people who appreciate island seclusion and the Maine coast. Congenial community, boating, fishing, tennis and swimming. No automobiles, but ready accessibility from the mainland. Near Bath and Boothbay Harbor. Cottages also available. Write for illustrated booklet to Miss Lillie M. Wheeler, 179 East 79th Street, New York, N. Y.

YOUR HANDWRITING may not "reveal all" but does offer valuable clues to self-knowledge, harmonious relationships. Send specimen and dollar for your Self-Survey. Marjorie Cooper. Box 45-AD.

PARENTS AND OTHERS with a school problem will find the "School & Colleges" Section of the current issue of Harpers Magazine a real help. Our School Bureau will gladly aid you to locate that school or college you seek. Address School Bureau, Harpers Magazine, 49 E. 33rd St., New York City.

LET'S GO FISHING in the Averill Highlands. Ideal for the Fisherman and His Folk. Five home lakes and many streams. Salmon, Rainbow, Brook and Lake Trout Waters. Main lodge, private cottages, pleasing service. Experienced, enjoyable guides if desired. Illustrated folder and easy rail connections on request. Quimby's Cold Spring Club, Averill, Northeastern Vermont.

PERSONALS

GENTLEMAN WHOSE BUSINESS OVERWHELMS HIM with the cold sordid facts of life, but whose inclinations are rather those of artistic and esthetic appreciation of the adorning attributes of nature seeks inspiration through correspondence with a young lady who can appreciate this lack of necessary nourishment. Box 133-G.

IN CITY PENT this summer? So are we. Eight of us rented large, comfortable Greenwich Village house last October. Now—draft-depleted—we are five; must have two, three more to share rent, running expenses till October. Congenial atmosphere, superb meals, expenses low. We are publishers, journalists, etc. Box 134-G.

EXCELLENT DRESSMAKING at reasonable prices—Mrs. K. Kopf, 1800 7th Avenue, Apt. 7B, phone MOnument 2-1999.

YOU'LL LIKE THE NORTHFIELD at East Northfield, Massachusetts if you enjoy the tranquility of a lovely 250 acre estate, spacious rooms, delicious meals, the acquaintance of genuine people. Golf-tennis-nature trails . . . at the door. For further details write, A. Gordon Moody, Manager.

EXPERIENCED SECRETARY available evenings—manuscripts, technical work; owns portable. Box 130-G.

BLUE WATER, REEF AND CORAL FISHING, AND AN EXTENSIVE LIBRARY may appeal to a pleasant chap on the eastern seaboard with a 4-F classification who will prove good company on a Florida venture for a middle-aged man who is something of a writer. Must be handy mechanically, understand marine engines and able and willing to do his share. No expense involved. Box 131-G.

RENT WINTER FLORIDA HOME to cultured elderly, married couple: Act as housekeeper, companion, secretary, chaufferette. (Practical nursing if desired). Lovely home, magnificent view of Bay, quiet and refined surroundings. Finest references exchanged. Box 132-G.

CLAUSTROPHOBES and all mainlanders of literary persuasion will enjoy Manhattan Island at and from Hotel Standish Hall which is ideally placed adjacent to Central Park and overlooks the spacious grounds of the American Museum of Natural History. You can get several rooms for what you would pay for one at many a midtown caravansary, and the atmosphere is one of comfort and content. Quiet nights conducive of rest and cheerful sunlit days distinguish its hospitality. Accommodations for short or long incumbency. Flexible accommodations; one room $62.50 per month (yearly rate); two rooms $100 per month; furnished suites—parlor, bedroom, bath and pantry or kitchenette—from $125 to $150 a month. Kitchenettes have breakfast nooks, refrigerators and gas stoves for those who wish to practice their local cookery in New York. But there is a spacious dining room. Please identify yourself as an SRL reader when writing to Mr. H. W. McGaffey, resident manager for reservations. Hotel Standish Hall, 45 W. 81 St., New York City.

16 DUPLICATE BRIDGE BOARDS, $1.50. DUPLICATED BOARD COMPANY, Syracuse, New York.

FOR RENT, July and August, furnished with antiques, Colonial five room house, fully equipped; two miles from shore, quiet; fireplaces, garden, Madison, Connecticut. Box 69-G (SRL).

I'M NUTS ABOUT DACHSHUNDS. Would like to make scrap-book of photos and letters describing dachsie smartness. Write me about your pet. Box 118-G.

DATE LINE—E. Yorks, England.
I WOULD VERY much like to write to an American boy or girl of about 15 or 16 years of age. I would appreciate it very much if you could do this for me. Yours sincerely. JR. P. S. Please excuse my writing, but I am no Shakespeare at this sort of thing.

AMIABLE student nurse, college bred, desires correspondence with a gentleman, preferably medical. Box 119-G.

AUTHOR WITH GOVERNMENT hopes hear from young lady, homeloving, fond good literature, music, religious work. Box 120-G.

CULTURED, quiet young lady desires correspondence with some congenial gentleman. Likes reading, fishing, music and dogs. Box 121-G.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

WILL SOME MAIDEN, interested in drama and literature, write young dreamer, dejected because Army rejected, yet service-minded, needing stimulating realism. Box 116-G.

NEW YORK—gentleman, refined, will exchange Spanish, Portuguese or French lessons for English conversation. Box 117-G.

UPPER MOWING. For rent. 25 acres of peaceful seclusion. Woods, brook, open mowing. Charming made-over barn, comfortably and attractively furnished, sleeps nine. No phone, no electricity. Wood stove, fire place, large kerosene ice-box. Three miles from Londonderry, Vermont. Separate cabin for children's delight if your children's references satisfactory to mine. Built for our own pleasures but Florida and Vermont are too far apart. Hollis Rinehart, Jr. Ingraham Building, Miami.

CEDAR BEACH HOUSE and COTTAGES, Westhampton, Long Island. A delightfully cool vacation spot eighty miles from New York. $28.00 to $35.00 weekly. American Plan. Booklet.

MUST SELL—Pink granite house, modern, Seal Harbor, Mount Desert, Maine. Private road, heavenly views. Three master bedrooms, two baths on ground floor. Two master bedrooms and bath on second floor can be shut off. Heat in all rooms and baths. Panelled studio living room, two fireplaces. Kitchen, laundry and service quarters complete. Three-car garage. Offers? Box 40-G.

TRYON, NORTH CAROLINA. Come to the mountains for coolness. Come to Tryon for peace and beauty. Come to Mill Farm for comfort and good food. Summer rates. Mrs. Frances N. Williams.

SUMMER VACATION TRANSPORTATION PROBLEM SOLVED. Swim, ride, sail, fish at Mallett's Bay Inn on Lake Champlain. Write for particulars. H. E. Brown, Mallett's Bay, Vermont.

COMMUTING DISTANCE—marvelous country—Furnished bungalows. $75.00 Season. TRemont 8-0359.

REST OR PLAY at the foot of Monadnock Mountain. Here you'll find comfort, delicious meals, congenial company, every vacation diversion. For booklet write G. L. Austermann, SHATTUCK INN, JAFFREY, N. H.

COMFORT, convenience, seclusion. Hidden in the hills, on a tranquil byroad, our old homestead. Woodsy walks, agreeable companions, hearty homegrown meals. Two hours from town. The Farm on the Hill, Box 221, Stone Ridge, New York.

YOU NEED A REST, change of scene, change of thought. Why not a weekend in New York, or longer. It will do you good, especially if you register at Hotel Algonquin. West 44th Street, near Fifth Avenue. Comfortable rooms priced as low as $3.00 a day. (Suites from $7.00). Famous restaurant and everything of interest within walking distance. Think of it.

COLLEGE SOPHOMORE, chemistry major, would like interesting and lucrative summer position. Box 110-G.

CITY-SICK NEWSPAPER WOMAN would buy working partnership in solvent country enterprise, preferably connected with animals, books, food or newspaper. 100 miles radius New York. Box 111-G.

BLITHE TEACHER: LONG life addict to beauty in all its manifestations, believes it's impossible to suffer from surfiet thereof—and you? Box 112-G.

SUMMER AT PEMAQUID POINT, between a quiet bay for swimming and Maine's highest seacliffs for surf. Spruce woods, blueberry meadows, quiet. Lobsters, wood fires. Artists' paradise. Far away from arsenals, defense and ammunition plants. Reasonable. Bradley Inn, Pemaquid Point, Maine.

AS YOU ARE, so you write. Detailed handwriting analysis, $1.00. Elsie Briggs, Box 15-G.

YOUR PROBLEM, Madame, for the duration, is to find good clothes of smart and lasting design, at sensible prices. Solve it by shopping for your coat, suit and dress from Miss Goodman's Original Models. 474 Seventh Avenue, LAckawanna 4-4026.

PERSONALS

FOR SALE, BARGAIN TO NATURE LOVERS:—John Burroughs' Works, 23 volumes, Riverby edition, cloth, $30; John Muir's Works, 10 volumes, Sierra edition, cloth, $20: Nature Magazine, Complete set, buckram, $60; Natural History (Journal of American Museum), 1919-38, 20 volumes, buckram, $40. Box 135-G.

QUIET VACATION. Residence North Jersey Hills. Swimming pool. Riding. Commuting. Mrs. Palmer, 79 Old Army Road, Bernardsville, New Jersey.

PRIMARY TEACHER, 20, desires position as governess, traveling companion, or other interesting work. Box 136-G.

BALLERINA forced to type to eat begs for ballet job and diverting correspondence. Box 137-G.

GENTLEMAN recovering from tuberculosis desires to correspond with persons in similar circumstances. Box 138-G.

STUDIOUS COUPLE desires furnished cabin on lake for July. Canoe essential. Box 139-G.

SUMMER CAMP or BOARDING SCHOOL: Let me recommend the right one for your child. Consultant on the better schools and camps since 1925. Marguerite Tuttle, 28 West 44th Street, New York. MEdallion 3-0591.

WHO WILL PLAY "GOOD FAIRY" and offer New York City wife job in Louisville, Kentucky, to enable me to join soldier husband near there. Selling experience—dental assistant, excellent receptionist, good companion, good driver. Please write! Box 140-G.

YOUNG MAN widely traveled wishes correspondence with young lady. Will answer all mail. Box 141-G.

WOMAN WITH CHILD, 2½, would like company woman with child about same age on farm sixty miles New York. Share expense food. Box 142-G.

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN, alone this summer, wishes to share country home with another woman. Beautiful country, view, quiet—45 minutes New York City—References. WRITE Box 1507, 720 West End Avenue.

MATURE GENTLEMAN who has long worked and lived abroad now to be near aged mother commutes long distance to Manhattan spends weekends on long hikes in country would welcome suggestions from hikers and Inns as to base for long cross-country or road hikes preferably central Connecticut area. Box 143-G.

WANTED. Quality flute for trade or sale. Amateur enthusiast wishes to trill beautiful notes. Box 144-G.

RANCH LIFE WITH COMFORTS. Climate, scenery unsurpassed—fine riding, excellent food—privacy. And right in eastern Pennsylvania. $20 per week. Rates. Box 122-G.

FOUR ROOM COTTAGE, orchard. Lake. Rent $200 Season. Brewster, N. Y. Box 123-G.

EXPERIENCED AND POPULAR M. A. wishes to return to New England; prefers college or private school in New London, Providence, or Hartford. English, also mathematics and history. Box 124-G.

YOUNG GRADUATE ENGINEER desires genial correspondence with intelligent young lady interested in books, theater, music and outdoors. Box 125-G.

NURSE WHO ENJOYS being close to nature, but seldom gets the chance, welcomes correspondence with gentlemen who do. Box 126-G.

BOX 942-E, moderate smoking my only vice. Could assuredly fulfill other qualifications. Box 127-G.

"TIRED NATURE'S SWEET RESTORER, balmy sleep." . . . Check out of the whirling, warring world to the relaxation of these friendly seaside hotels! Slumber deep to the midnight surf. Wake to bright days and big appetites! Fine foods are here. Plenty of diversions. Long Ocean Decks from which to muse on men and things. Excellent library. And congenial people! Come down for a week or a well-earned week-end. Amiable people. Write for color folder. Address Adrian W. Phillips, Chalfonte-Haddon Hall Atlantic City.

PERSONALS

VOICE FOR RADIO, nose for news, personality for results. Woman of sixty. Read no further and miss opportunity to attract "for the duration" ace executive. Education, training and imagination to organize or reorganize. Ranking experience usual and unusual. Box 113-G.

SEAMEADOWS—perfect "auto-less" vacation. Well appointed home on COUSINS ISLAND, Casco Bay, MAINE. Modern conveniences, excellent table, good company, private beaches, moderate tariff. Betty Gibson, 174 Commonwealth, Boston.

RELIABLE, intelligent seventeen year old girl wants summer work Boston office or child care anywhere. Holds scholarship in distinguished preparatory school. Driving license. Swims, sails, plays tennis companionably, not expertly. Long happy experience caring for small brother. Box 114-G.

CLASSIFIED

ADVERTISING RATES for this Department are: For twenty-six insertions, 7c a word; for thirteen insertions, 8c a word; for six insertions, 9c a word; fewer insertions, 10c a word. Forms close Friday, eight days before publication date. The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

BACK NUMBER

BACK NUMBER MAGAZINE SPECIALISTS. Established 1889. Abraham's Magazine Service, 56 East 13th St., N. Y.

FIRST EDITIONS

FIRST EDITIONS. Rare Books. Old Books. New Books. Catalogues on request. Alfred F. Goldsmith, 42 Lexington Ave., N. Y.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOG. Several hundred beautiful designs. Bookplates, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

FRENCH

FRENCH BOOK COMPANY, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's only French Bookshop where French Books are sold exclusively. Mailorder catalogue, 20c.

LITERARY SERVICES

LITERARY AGENTS FOR 23 YEARS—We sell books, short stories, articles, verse, plays, scenarios, radio scripts. Editing, revision, criticism, typing, ghost writing. Beginners welcomed. Specialists in hard-to-sell manuscripts. Write for information regarding our resultful service. ANITA DIAMANT, WRITERS WORKSHOP, 280 Madison at 40 St., New York.

REVIEWS, ESSAYS, CLUB PAPERS, SPECIAL TREATISES, to requirements. Education, literary, economic, historical, investigations. Extensive experience. Charges reasonable. AUTHORS RESEARCH BUREAU, 516 Fifth Avenue, New York.

RESEARCH: CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY. Government Bureaus, etc. Odd jobs, simple questions, complex investigations, ALL expertly handled. Lowest rates. JOHN CREHORE, Box 2329, Washington, D. C.

CATHERINE WILSON—RESEARCH SERVICE. Manuscripts typed—corrected. References. 152½ South Clark Drive, Los Angeles, California.

LAURENCE ROBERTS, Literary Agent. Stories, novels, articles, books marketed, criticized, revised. Our writers sell, 47 West 42nd Street, New York.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT AND HARD-TO-FIND books searched for and quickly supplied at low prices. No charge or obligation for service. All subjects and in all languages. Genealogies, family and town histories. First editions supplied. Incomplete sets completed. Magazine back numbers supplied. AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE, Dept. No. 400, 117 West 48th Street, New York. Telephone BRyant 9-5214.

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 321 Fifth Avenue, New York.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Crostics Club

IN pursuance of the extent to which a D. C. might lead a puzzler, I think you will be interested in a bit of painstaking research done by George W. Arms of New York City a few years ago.

The D. C. in question was from an article "On Whitewashing" by Benjamin Franklin, the full title being "A Humorous Account of a Custom among the Americans entitled Whitewashing." When a wife begins house-cleaning, the writer contended, the only safe place for a husband is *outside* the house. The reply, really by Franklin, published alongside the article, but credited to the wife, was to the effect that when a woman undertakes a thorough job of cleaning house she naturally gets rid first of the root of the dirt—her husband—and then followed in humorous details the husband's sins of commission in this respect.

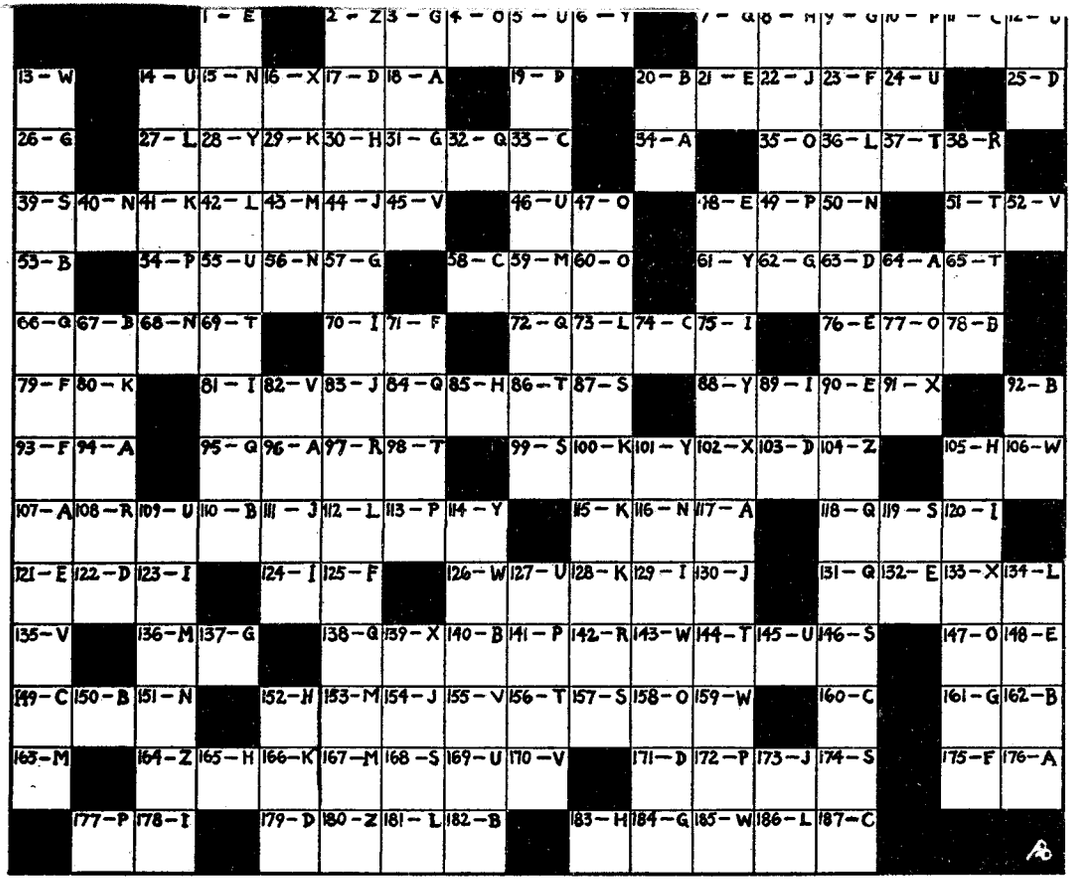
The publication of the D. C. evoked two letters: one from the editors of an undergraduate paper in the University of Minnesota who wrote that, if Franklin was the author of that article, then their English Professor had deceived them in giving Hopkinson, a contemporary of Franklin's, as the source; the other, from Mr. Arms.

Mr. Arms inquired my source of the article. He said that an article on a similar subject, similarly written, had been quoted earlier in a copy of the *New Yorker* as attributed to Washington Irving, but later had been repudiated as from Irving, but as published originally by Hopkinson in *The Pennsylvania Packet*, June 18, 1785. In Robert Spiller's "The Roots of National Culture" it was also attributed to Hopkinson. Thus Mr. Arms.

As Mr. Arms's inquiry came as I was about to leave the city for several months, I hustled to the main branch of the N. Y. Public Library on my hunt, as I had omitted a notation of the edition from which I had taken it. I did not know that the Library housed so many volumes on Franklin! Ultimately it turned up in a Popular Edition of 1838 put out from Edinburgh by William and Robert Chambers.

Mr. Arms with all this evidence in hand set out resolutely to unfathom the mystery. I've forgotten how many precious hours he gave to the search, but I still have a meticulous account of his deductions as thorough as of a candidate for a PhD! A comparison of the articles by Franklin, Irving, and Hopkinson, respectively, proved most amusing and fruitful, but a missing link prevented a conclusive solution of the mystery.

An entertaining commentary on Slang, by George Lyon of Pittsburgh, in answer to our invitation, awaits space for publication, as does a clever exposition by Mary Elinore Smith of the University of Minnesota Press, demonstrating in a recent D. C. its working out, step by step, by wits and not reference books. E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 426

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 21 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. A mask (mil.)

B. By far (3 wds.)

C. Outclassed (slang; 3 wds.)

D. Thor's hammer (Norse).

E. A Buddha of the Great Vehicle to be glorified as the Buddha of Boundless Light.

F. Author of "Charlotte Temple, a Tale of Truth" (U. S. 1794).

G. Norwegian traitors (recent).

H. Weird, eery.

I. Badly put together; crude.

J. Solely; perpendicularly.

K. A shrub.

L. Novel by Edna Ferber (1926).

M. Because (phrase).

N. Verse satire by the Connecticut Wits (1791-1805).

O. An ass (colloq.)

P. To utter (colloq.; 2 wds.)

Q. Weighed down.

R. Petruchio's pet-name for his love.

S. Hoaxed by a falsehood (slang).

T. Elegiac poem by Emerson at the death of his son Waldo.

U. Elsewhither.

V. Patron saint of Scotland.

W. To desert (as one's country).

X. Feeble, shrill sounds (as birds).

Y. The fireside.

Z. Lord of the infernal regions (Hindu myth.)

WORDS

107 117 176 34 96 64 94 18

162 150 182 92 110 78 67 20 140 53

33 149 58 160 74 11 187

63 171 19 103 179 122 25 17

121 90 1 48 76 148 21 132

23 125 79 71 175 93

9 62 3 26 31 184 57 161 127

105 8 85 152 165 183 30

70 124 129 89 120 123 81 178 75

83 130 22 111 44 173 154

128 41 29 166 100 80 115

181 186 36 42 27 73 112 134

138 153 167 59 43 163

151 15 56 50 68 116 40

35 47 77 4 60 147 158

172 10 141 54 177 113 49

32 95 131 66 7 118 138 84 72

38 97 142 108

87 174 119 99 39 157 146

86 156 144 69 65 37 51 98

127 46 5 145 109 14 55 24 12 169

52 82 45 170 135 155

126 143 196 159 185 13

139 168 102 16 91 133

114 101 28 88 6 61

104 180 2 164

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CLASSICS WHICH ARE OUR HERITAGE FROM THE PAST, IN EDITIONS WHICH WILL BE THE HERITAGE OF THE FUTUR

Beautiful, *beautiful* books like these

at the same price as an ordinary book!

Sponsored by The Limited Editions Club,
this organization invites
a limited number of Subscribing Members to acquire
a collection of the world's classics
especially illustrated by the greatest artists
and beautifully printed on fine papers

ONLY ten thousand Subscribing Memberships can this year be accepted by The Heritage Club, and fewer than five hundred of these are available at the time this announcement is printed!

The Heritage Club will distribute to this limited group of members "the classics which are our heritage from the past, in editions which will be the heritage of the future." These books are not "de luxe," nor are they old editions dressed up for a new market. They are especially designed by the most famous typographers, illustrated by the greatest of the world's artists, carefully printed by leading printers on papers especially made and chemically tested for permanence, then handsomely bound and placed in protective slip-cases.

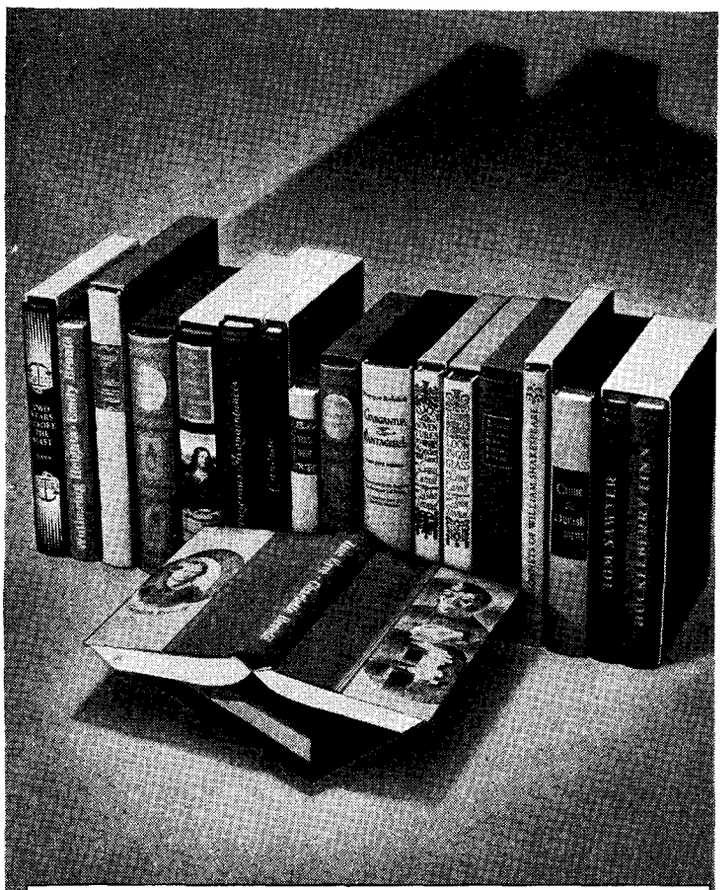
Seldom indeed has such an honest value been made available to those who love beautiful books. This seems the simple reason for the gratifying success of The Heritage Club. Each member subscribes for twelve books in one year, and *pays only $3.00* for each! If he makes payment-in-advance for all twelve, he *pays only $2.70* for each! And he is permitted to select the books he wants to have!

The books to be distributed to the members in the next twelve months are listed here. If any of these titles fail to interest a member, he may make substitutions from a long list of books already published:

Homer's Odyssey, translated by ALEXANDER POPE, illustrated with the classical drawings of JOHN FLAXMAN; *The Gods Are A-Thirst* by ANATOLE FRANCE, with a special introduction by ANDRÉ MAUROIS, illustrated with hand-colored water-colors by JEAN OBERLÉ; *Moll Flanders* by DANIEL DEFOE, illustrated with drawings by REGINALD MARSH; *Don Juan* by LORD BYRON, illustrated with lithographs by HUGO STEINER-PRAG; *The Age of Fable* by THOMAS BULFINCH, illustrated with drawings by STANLEY WILLIAM HAYTER; *Lorna Doone* by R. D. BLACKMORE, illustrated with drawings in color by JOHN AUSTEN; *Germinal* by EMILE ZOLA, with a special introduction by HENRI DE MONTHERLANT, illustrated with hand-colored water-colors by BERTHOLD MAHN; *The Poems of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*, illustrated with wood-engravings in color by BOYD HANNA; *A Woman's Life* by GUY DE MAUPASSANT, with a special introduction by EDMOND JALOUX, illustrated with hand-colored water-colors by EDY LEGRAND, *The Essays of Elia* by CHARLES LAMB, illustrated with water-colors by GORDON ROSS; *The Princess of Cleves* by MADAME DE LA FAYETTE, with a special introduction by JEAN COCTEAU, illustrated with hand-colored water-colors by HERMINE DAVID; *Bleak House* by CHARLES DICKENS, illustrated with drawings by ROBERT BALL.

You are invited to send for a handsome Prospectus, which will describe in detail for you the system by which The Heritage Club operates, and these books which are to be published in the next twelve months; and a list of books now available to Subscribing Members. A form is printed at the right. If you will fill this out and mail it *now*, a copy of the Prospectus will be sent to you. Then you can read it carefully, and decide whether *you* would like to have these beautiful, *beautiful* books each at the same price as an ordinary book.

THE *Heritage Club*
595 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK



Request for the Prospectus

THE HERITAGE CLUB, 595 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

PLEASE SEND me a copy of the Prospectus in which are described the books which you intend to issue to the Subscribing Members in the coming months. I understand that you will reserve one of the remaining Memberships for me, until I can have had time in which to study this Prospectus and advise you whether I wish to have these books.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

SR—F1

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED